

THE CRITIC

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The Lounger

MR. JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, the editor of *The Pilot*, has an interesting article in the columns of that weekly on "Poetry and Advertising," in the course of which he tells some amusing anecdotes of poetry, or perhaps I should say verse, written to advertise certain goods. "Why does n't some enterprising firm," he exclaims, "offer a bonus for good work in the line of advertising verse?" He thinks it would be certain to pay. "It might," says Mr. Roche, "even bring back an appetite to millions of people from whom it has been banished by constant observation and perusal of the Breakfast Food Mysteries." "There are," he adds, "a dozen 'schools of advertising' in the country, but not one school of advertising poetry, although every observant man must know that a 'fetching' rhyme sticks in the memory and simply cannot be forgotten." The man who wrote the "Spotless Town" verses was a Trinity College man whom hard luck had driven to the business of conducting a street-car in Boston. The verses that advertised a certain hook and eye were very amusing, but they have long disappeared from public view. The man who celebrated fifty-seven varieties of pickles in verse, written on a wall where the Flat Iron Building now stands, was a

genius in his way, but his verses also have disappeared. Mr. Roche is quite right. "Fetching" rhymes stick in the memory and cannot be forgotten. Do you remember how "Punch, brothers, punch with care, punch in the presence of the passenjare" stuck in the memory of Mark Twain?

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Charlotte Perkins Gilman has taken a new departure. For six years only books, with a semi-occasional article, have come from her pen, and now she is doing regular editorial writing on a weekly paper. This time it is an equal-suffrage paper, *The Woman's Journal*, of Boston, a publication always dignified and able, somewhat limited in range; but Mrs. Gilman is by no means devoting her talent to that one reform. On the contrary, many of her remarks on the present position and character of women must cause amazement and distress to the old-line suffragists. Her purpose is to build up a paper which shall represent the woman's movement as a whole, including and connecting the political, industrial, educational, and others; and "relating this advance of a sex to the progress of the race, in the general world-movement of our day." This is a large undertaking, involving years of

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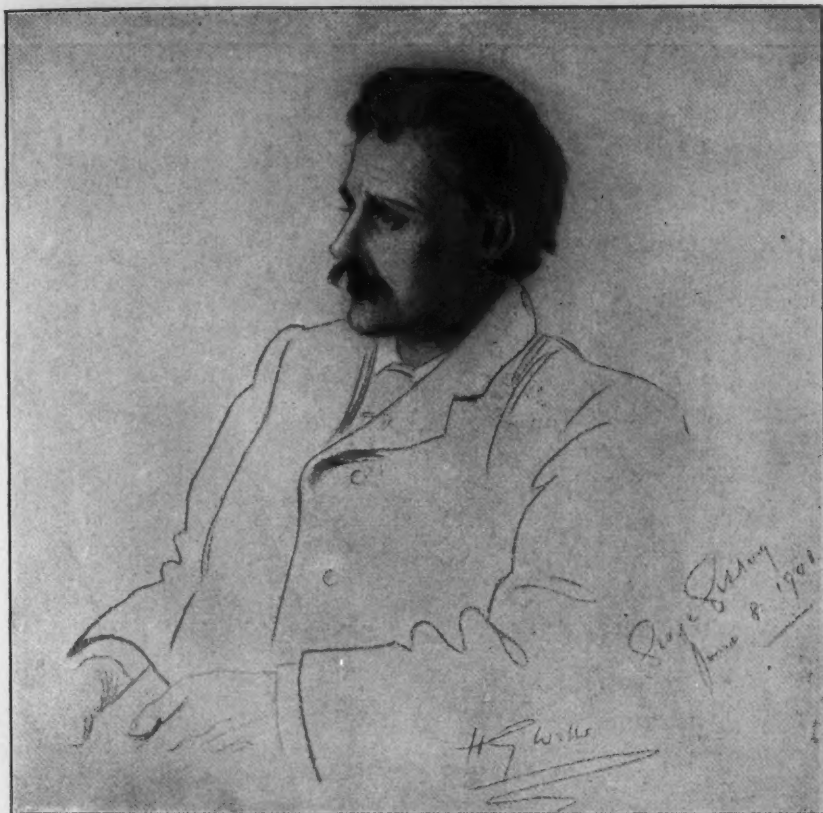
Photo by

MRS. CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

Hollinger

constructive work; but in the meantime admirers of Mrs. Gilman's work may have it in weekly installments, in both verse and prose, with comment on current events from a most unexpected standpoint. Who but this critic would have blamed women for part of the loss of life in the Chicago

disaster! She says we encourage them to be excitable and timid, and their panic-at-a-mouse tendency is transmitted to their sons—with terrible results in panic on a larger scale. If this year's experiment meets with support from Mrs. Gilman's many readers we may hope for a woman's



From

THE LATE MR. GEORGE GISSING

The Sphere

paper, later on, which will be neither too sharply reformatory nor too dully domestic.



The late George Gissing was one of the best-known and least appreciated English novelists. His few admirers were enthusiastic, but they were too few to be of practical service. The reading public did not care for his books. They were too gruesome, too relentless, so they passed them by and read the stories of Mr. Silas Hocking, which are neither gruesome nor relentless. Two years ago Mr. Gissing went to the Pyrenees in search of health, but the search was in vain, for he died there. I believe that he has left a completed manuscript, a historical ro-

mance with the scene laid in Italy in the sixteenth century. This is an entirely new vein for him, for it is modern England that forms the subject of most of his books.



Mr. Jack London, whose "Sea Wolf" is running its sensational course through the *Century Magazine*, will not contribute the series of papers to THE CRITIC which he had promised. It is, however, no fault of the editor of THE CRITIC that Mr. London's papers will not appear in its columns, nor is it the fault of the author. It is the fault of Russia. If Russia had not made war necessary with Japan Mr. London would be in California writing for THE CRITIC; but as it is he has



MR. JACK LONDON

From The World's Work

gone to the Orient to act as a war correspondent for a New York paper.

This playbill of a performance at Bird Center Opera House would explain itself if the type had only been larger. It is reproduced from the original programme, but the type is so small that it cannot be read without the aid of a magnifying glass. It will, however, repay any one to use the glass for it will reveal an "all star" cast.

The following is given in answer to numerous inquiries since Mr. Barrie's delightful comedy was put upon the stage in New York:

James Crichton (written also Creighton), surnamed the "Admirable," was born in Scotland in 1560. He was educated at St. Salvatore's College, St. Andrew's, where he was graduated master of arts at the age of fourteen. According to the generally received account, he was a classical scholar, a poet, a musician, a sculptor, a painter, an actor, a horseman, and a fencer; and excelled in all.

During the two years following his graduation he was in France, where he seems to have served in the army. He drifted thence to Venice, and in 1581 went to Padua, where he overcame all the scholars at the university in public disputations. He is said

Bird Center Opera House

MISS ANNA MORGAN OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, LIVES

Right Royally will that Colonial Aggregation of Little Roomers
Present for the First Time on Any Stage the
Stupendous Tragedy Entitled

CAP. FRY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

JANUARY 30, 1904

Words by George Ade, Acting by the Following Galaxy of
Electric Stars, First and Last Appearance

THE CAST

[illegible]

Stone, Parker in Gen. Fry's Home. Time, For the First Time



Specimens of a highly moral character will be introduced during the performance.

Tempest's Vindals will be dispensed and a magnificent collection served in the Tynney South of Ralph Clarkson on the tenth floor.

Full time of the day will be given to the audience. Don't forget to bring your own.

Take decorations from the Ladies' Home Journal.

Chorus consists of poetry by poets of the Victorian Era served with each piece.

Secure telephones of the cabinet to see the stars.

Please report to the management any negative or inability on the part of the caber. Report time of jewelry to the person who sits next to you.

The audience is requested to remain seated till the end. This is the last.

— Paralel.

SMILEY GREENE
Undertaker & Embalmer
100 Main Street

From the end of 1994 and beginning of 1995, the number of people in the labor force in the United States has been increasing at a rapid rate. This increase is due to a number of factors, including a decline in the unemployment rate, a rise in the labor force participation rate, and a decline in the retirement age. The labor force participation rate has risen from 60.1% in 1994 to 61.1% in 1995. The retirement age has declined from 65.1 in 1994 to 64.1 in 1995. The unemployment rate has declined from 6.1% in 1994 to 5.1% in 1995.

Board at the Bird Center House

MORT PETERA, Proprietor

HAVE YOUR TEETH TAKEN WHILE YOU WAIT

Blind Center Tintype Studio

Third Center Tintype Studios

000 6899-07350

The Bird Center Quartette

See Supplements: Mailings, Friends, and Other Social Connections
See Terms Apply to SEARCH PARTY. See Them



MISS ELLEN GLASGOW

as a mere brushing of the surface rather than a serious contribution to the critical study of his theme, he is nevertheless convinced that it will not fail to surprise some readers and perhaps modify their views.

It will make them see [he says] that North America does not produce merely cowboys, pork dealers, and Boeotian millionaires. Care for art and love of poetry have long since penetrated there, and continue there to flourish. Could it be otherwise in a country which is far from sacrificing solely to the God of the Dollar; which for long years past has submitted to an intensive intellectual culture; which is in the first rank of civilized nations for instruction of every grade? Is it astonishing that upon a soil so well prepared the most

diverse talents germinate and ripen—including the poetic gift?

It is difficult to realize that we are still seen in France with such uninitiated vision as this implies; but it is impossible to question Mr. Covert's authority of statement. He has every opportunity to observe the attitude of the Lyonnais Frenchman toward American literature when an attitude in that direction chances to exist at all. It is pleasant to observe that in his paper on Poe, brief as it is, he has an emphatic word for the value of Poe's criticisms upon poetry.

24

Miss Ellen Glasgow, whose latest novel, "The Deliverance," has made so great an impression, although it has only been published for a short time, has been spending the winter in New York seeing her book through the press. When Miss Glasgow's first novel, "The Descendant," was published, I was quite conscious of its crudities, but I was also conscious of its promise. The promise held out in that and her later books is fulfilled in "The Deliverance." The publishers who let "The Descendant" slip through their fingers are now regretting their fatuity.

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Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has become the owner of the manuscript of Byron's "Corsair." I suppose that Mr. Morgan was particularly anxious to get this manuscript, as it bears the name of his yacht. He was probably an admirer of the poem and that may be the reason that he named the yacht after it. Mr. Morgan has had two yachts bearing this name, one of which was converted into a gunboat during the late unpleasantness with Spain. Mr. John Murray, the son of Byron's publisher, has thrown some doubt upon the genuineness of this manuscript, but experts, who ought to be equally well posted, are convinced of its authenticity. At latest advice from England the manuscript of Milton's "Paradise Lost" was still unsold. Twenty-five thousand dollars was the



MR. W. D. HOWELLS READING HIS MORNING MAIL IN THE KITTERY POINT POST-OFFICE

reserve price, and only twenty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty were bid. Doubt has also been thrown upon the genuineness of this manuscript, but some one evidently believed it genuine or he would not have bid twenty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars for it.

Mr. William Henry Rideing, whose forthcoming story I referred to in the February CRITIC, has been one of the most assiduous workers in the field of journalism that even this age of assiduous workers has known. An Englishman born, he spent the greater part of his life over here, and at the age of nineteen was assistant editor on the New York *Tribune*. He was a frequent contributor to *Harper's*, *The Century*, *Scribner's*, and other magazines, and while he was still attached to the staff of *The Youth's Companion* he was for eight years managing editor of *The North American Review*. His connection with the *North American* caused no break in his relations with the *Companion*, though it was necessary for him to change his domicile to New York. His work has brought him into relations with nearly all the most eminent men and women of the times—Gladstone, Balfour, Wolseley, Tyndall, etc. For a short time, when he was eighteen, he was secre-

tary to the late Samuel Bowles of the *Springfield Republican*.

A Persian journalist has arisen, Mr. J. K. M. Shirazi, who proposes to demonstrate in a new "Life of Omar al Khayyami" that the poet had nothing whatever to do with tent-making. Let him disprove that Omar made tents if he likes, but I defy him to prove that he did not make verses.

When Mr. W. D. Howells is at his summer home, at Kittery Point, one of his chief pleasures is to walk to the country store, which is also the post-office, for his daily mail. This snap-shot represents Mr. Howells in the post-office, taking a hasty glance through his letters before returning home.

Mrs. Alice Meynell, who has aided and stood sponsor to several literary aspirants, has had the singularly good



MR. W. H. RIDEING



MISS AGNES TOBIN

fortune of never having had her swans turn geese. The honor of assisting such a poet as Mr. Francis Thomson to gain a hearing would alone have been tribute enough to her talent for appreciation. Her latest "find" is a Miss Agnes Tobin, whose translation of nine sonnets and a canzone of Petrarch's is introduced by Mrs. Meynell in a char-

acteristically brief and enlightening essay. As translations the poems are well done; as English poetry,—by which standard they must be judged—they are pleasing and graceful, but not especially noteworthy. The original tapestry is a thing too native to the language of its loom not to have faded greatly in the re-weaving. The can-

zone is the best as English poetry. But from Miss Tobin's picture it will be seen that she does not need to write poetry to express what poets are traditionally supposed to strive most to reveal. The volume which comes to this country from Mr. William Heinemann through Mr. Howard Wilford Bell is a beautiful piece of book-making. There are sympathetic wood-cuts and an illuminated cover design by Mr. Graham Robertson.



I have been thinking for some time that I would like to speak my mind on a certain subject, this the exasperating habit that several popular periodicals have of breaking off in the middle of an article or story and referring the reader to a page several pages ahead. Before I got around to the writing of this protest Mr. John F. Cowan, of Boston, sent me his view of the case. It agrees with my own so thoroughly that I withhold my words and let him speak:

The peppery old gentleman picked up the latest number of *The Soarer*, with a cover-page as gorgeous as an Indian blanket. He was something of a back number and not on to the hit-or-miss style of make-up, that chops the reading matter into short sections and drops them in between the ads., condescending to inform the reader, by an agate line, that the article so abruptly snuffed off by a picture of a Mellin's Food baby, or of a woman trying on a Mrs. Stiggs's Czarina Corset, is "(Continued on page 649)."

The peppery old gentleman's eyesight was none too sharp, and he had just begun to get interested in the article entitled "Why City People Go to the Country," when it came to a sudden standstill up against an "Anglefoot Shoe" ad. Skipping the ad., and turning expectantly to the next page, his understanding was jarred by the irrelevant opening sentence, "I welcome the task of answering the question, 'Why do the Jews Succeed?'"

"Plague take the Jews!" muttered the peppery old gentleman, rubbing his glasses; "I want to know first why city people go to the country. The editor must think I am making a mental crazy-quilt."

But he skimmed along over Zangwill's explanation of the success of the Jews, until he became interested in the Jews, and didn't wish them any more plagues than the Bible tells fell to their lot. Just then the felt mattress ad. stepped in front of

him, and again he failed to note the line of fine type referring him to "page 785," and he made a transition about as jolty as this: "The other great crafts of the Ghetto are tailoring, boot-making, cigar-making, and working in furs, all of which"——"At the gateway of the historic Mohawk Valley——"

"The furies they do!" exclaimed the peppery old gentleman. "And what in the Six Nations are the Jews doing 'at the gateway of the historic Mohawk Valley'?" Then his eye caught the "Continued on page 956" line, and he laughed a foolish little laugh, rubbed his glasses, and concluded to slip through "the gateway of the historic Mohawk Valley" and browse there a bit. It was a short bit until he ran smack against the picture of Beeman, the chewing-gum man, and when he tacked and scudded past it to the top of the next column he began, "Nothing in the studio of Charles Dana Gibson suggests that it is a studio——"

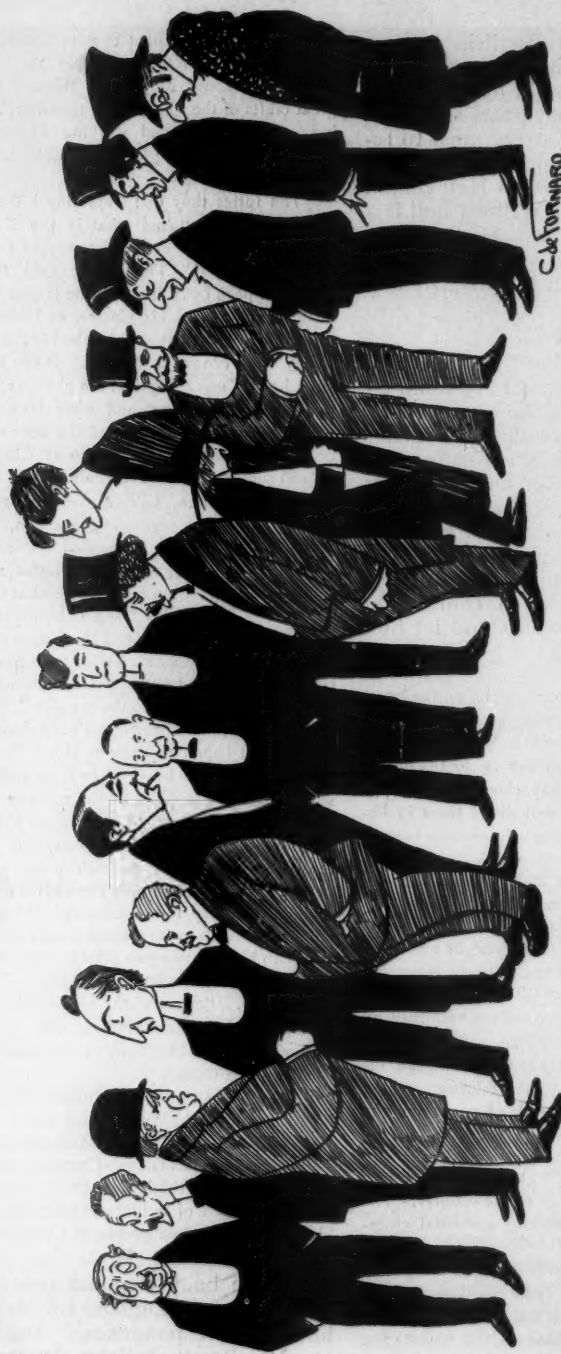
"Charles Dana Gibson be razzle-dazzled," growled the peppery old gentleman, savagely, "and his studio be flabbergasted. Does he think that he is the back gate of 'the historic Mohawk Valley,' and that I am going to be shut out in that way? I'll fix Charles Dana Gibson. I'll teach him to keep his studio out of the 'historic Mohawk Valley,' and the Mohawk Valley to keep out of the Ghetto, and the Ghetto out of the way of city people who start to go to the country."

He took a piece of carpenter's red chalk from his pocket, and began to draw as if his life depended upon it. He drew heavy lines from each point at which city people going to the country had been waylaid by Mellin's Food babies, and Czarina Corset females, and Anglefoot Shoes, and Felt Mattresses, and Beeman, to each point where city people are expected to pick themselves up and proceed on their way to the country. At all of these cross-roads he drew large index-finger guide-boards, and with his fountain pen printed within these such directions to the wayfaring man as: "This way to the country. Beware of the Ghetto!" "Straight ahead for the country. Steer clear of Mohawk Valley!" "Public highway to the country. Shoot Charles Dana Gibson."

"There!" he sighed with intense satisfaction, as he finished his task, "now no one else in this house will get lost in that Ghetto-Mellin Food-Mohawk Valley-Quaker Oats-Gibson-Czarina Corset maze. The editor must think that he is paid to run a Midway instead of a literary magazine, and that his business is to lose people in a labyrinth."



A little book that has made a good deal of a stir in England is "Mr. Woodhouse's Correspondence." Dr. Robertson Nicoll calls it "the cleverest book



Franklyn Files, *Gustave Kobbe, Mail and Express*

Arthur Hornblow, *The Theatre*

James Huneker, *The Sun*

W. E. Walters, *H. M. Bullock, J. I. C. Clarke, The Press*

John Corbin, *Times*

Wm. Winter, *Tribune*

James Ford, *Daily News*

"Metcalfe," *Life*

L. de Foe, *World*

Alan Dale, *The Journal*



MR. AUGUSTUS THOMAS

of the year," and says it is worthy to rank with George Meredith's "The Egoist" and Mr. Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine." For some time it was not known who had written the book, but now it seems that it was written by a well-known journalist and writer, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, and Miss Edith Sichel, author of the "Household of the Lafayettes." The book is to be published in this country, and probably will be out before this paragraph gets into print.

Any one in the habit of attending the first performances of plays in New York will recognize the critics whom Mr. C. de Fornaro has gently caricatured in the accompanying sketch. The least characteristic likeness is that of Mr. William Winter, the Nestor among dramatic critics. To be sure,

Mr. Winter is not so large a man as Mr. J. I. C. Clarke, with whom he is represented as standing back to back, but he is not so insignificant looking a personage nor has he the length of nose that Mr. Fornaro has given him.

One of the most successful plays, from a pecuniary point of view, that has been seen in New York this season is "The Other Girl." It began its successful career at the Criterion Theatre and was then transferred to the Empire, where it is doing an even larger business than it did farther uptown. The play is called a comedy, but Mr. Thomas, its clever author, should have called it frankly a farce; but whatever it may be called it is absolutely impossible but none the less amusing and thoroughly well acted.

Mr. Kurt Matull, a poet who has had a career decidedly out of the ordinary, has written a play, which is soon to be produced in New York, that is unusual, not only because of its literary pretensions, but by reason of the fact that it ignores some of the things conventionally supposed to be essential to dramatic success. The play is "Felicita," a romantic drama that contains not a single love-scene or passage, if we accept the common implication of those terms. It is true that love is the theme, but it is not the love of a man for a maiden, nor yet for a widow—it is the love of a mother for her child and the love of a child for its mother. "Felicita," in truth, might be called the apotheosis of mother-love and filial-love. The central idea is, that the character of a child is chiefly formed by its association with its mother during its impressionable years, the play being principally designed to counteract what the author considers morbid notions of the influence of heredity. The scene is laid in mediæval Germany, and the character whose name gives the title to the play is a girl of eighteen who lives with her mother in a cottage in the forest near the castle of the young Count von Allenbrock. A child of nature, with all the birds of the forest for her firm friends and a big black bear for her inseparable companion, Felicita loves her God with a simple and unalterable trust in His goodness and is devoted to her mother with all her pure and unselfish soul. It is her mother who has taught Felicita her beautiful songs and stories of heaven, and her character is set over against that of Allenbrock, who has grown up hard and proud because his mother deserted him and his sister when they were children, to become the wife of the King. How Felicita, by her gentle spirit, gradually softens Allenbrock (but does not marry him) and restores the Queen to her children, is the story that the play unfolds.



Mr. Matull was born thirty-three years ago in what was then the French

Department of Alsace. His father was a patriotic Frenchman and his mother a Prussian with pronounced sympathies for her native land. In his infancy, Matull was taken to Prussia, where he remained to be brought up in the family of his uncle, who lived in Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin. Differences in their theological views eventually caused uncle and nephew to part, and then Matull struck out for himself. Even as a young schoolboy, he had written a poem that won a prize from the Empress, and after a hard battle with poverty his romances began to be eagerly sought by periodicals; one of his plays ran for five hundred nights at a Berlin theatre, and he was frequently commanded to read his poems at the Imperial Palace. An historical romance of Sweden that he wrote and dedicated to King Oscar won him a long talk with and decoration from that amiable old monarch, and then, in the height of his success, he made a contract with a Berlin publisher by which he made him the owner of his writings for a period of four years. Subsequent happenings led Matull to believe he had been duped, and rather than submit to what he considered a gross injustice he left the country. Three years ago he and his wife landed in New York. What money they had was soon gone, and the Berlin contract not permitting him to sell any of his writings, Matull was reduced to the necessity of accepting whatever employment he could find. More than once he and his wife were on the verge of starvation, but their spirits remained high through all their sufferings, and now that the contract-period has expired the tide has turned. Mr. Matull is a republican in all his sympathies, and he is to become an American citizen. He believes there is a great future for art in this country, particularly for that of the drama. Our faults are many, but he considers that our freedom from the moral decadence of the European stage makes the out-look here more hopeful than abroad, and this he attributes chiefly to the influence of our women which is certainly complimentary.



MR. KURT MATULL
(Sketched from life by E. Murray McKay)



From

Ilya

Michel

Sergei

The Sphere

THREE OF TOLSTOY'S SONS OUT HUNTING IN WINTER

The accompanying picture shows us three of Count Tolstoy's sons, who, like their father, are great huntsmen. It is rather curious that Tolstoy, who preaches against war, and all of whose doctrines make for peace, should take so keen a delight in killing. He was once nearly killed himself at a bear hunt, and recently dislocated his arm while out shooting. If he were inclined to be superstitious these incidents might have quenched his sportsman's ardor, but they have apparently only whetted it.



In the little book called "Milton's England," into which Miss Mead has packed the fruits of so much loving research, mention is twice made of certain "narrow, gabled houses of wood which cluster close about the church" of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and are "almost the only examples in London today of the type of building which housed the poorer class of Londoners of Milton's time." One reads also:

"The only statue of Milton known to me in England, except the one on the London University building, is the modest figure which stands, together with Shakespeare and Chaucer, upon a fountain in Park Lane, opposite Hyde Park." The book appeared in the closing days of 1902, yet the first of these statements is no longer true, and the second will soon cease to be so.

The Corporation of the City of London, having to widen Fore Street, E. C., has demolished the little row of wooden houses that had masked the north side of



THE PROPOSED STATUE OF MILTON

St. Giles's for the past 250 years, and has left a triangular slip of open ground between the widened thoroughfare and the church. And now Mr. J. J. Baddeley, a member of the Corporation and the historian of the old church, has come forward with a promise to erect on this site, if it can be secured, a bronze statue of Milton, by Mr. Horace Montford. Appeal has been made for \$25,000 to cover the cost of the land (a little over \$14,000) and the expense of restoring the church wall, disfigured during the centuries it served as a backing for the wooden tenements. By the first of January, \$17,500 had been given or pledged, including \$2500 from the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, and only \$7500 more was needed. No effort has been made to raise any part of this fund in the United States, but there must be many Americans who will wish to contribute to it; for not even in England is the genius of this mightiest but one of all England's singers more honored than in the New World. Whittier thus accounts for the special reverence in which his name is held, in the inscription on the memorial window in St. Margaret's, Westminster:

The New World honors him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her own more sure,
Whose song, immortal as his theme, shall be
Their common freehold while both worlds endure.

Of the poet's twelve abodes in London, not one remains; nor is the site of any of them indicated by mark or tablet. But under the pavement of St. Giles's Church his ashes have lain since 1674, and his burial is recorded in the parish register. Here sleeps his father. John Fox, memorialist of the martyrs of Smithfield, was buried here before Milton's day. Sir Martin Frobisher, the great seaman, rests in the same sacred ground, and here lie a daughter and a granddaughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, Shakespeare's Justice Shallow. And at this altar, in August, 1620, stood to be married a youth of twenty-one, who afterwards, as England's uncrowned king, employed the great poet as Latin Secretary to the

Commonwealth. Surely a statue of Milton could have no more fitting background than the wall of this church in which his dust is enshrined, and within sight of whose tower so many years of his life were spent.

St. Giles's is one of the oldest churches in London. When founded, in 1090, it stood just outside Cripple-gate (whose name, by the way, has nothing to do with cripples); and the last remaining bastion of the old city wall stands at one corner of the grass-grown churchyard. From this bastion have been traced two or three underground passages, one of which led to the ancient Barbican, still farther beyond the walls. The church was rebuilt in three hundred years; and while every part of it that the flames could destroy was burnt in 1545, it happily escaped destruction in the great fire of 1666, and still more miraculously in 1897, when acres of warehouses all around it went to the ground, only to be rebuilt on the ugliest lines conceivable. The work which Mr. Baddeley is to present to St. Giles's is modelled, as to the head, from the clay bust taken in Milton's lifetime, and preserved at his *alma mater*, Christ's College, Cambridge. The statue shows the poet walking, hat in hand, presumably in his garden, and apostrophizing the Spirit, as in the opening passages of "Paradise Lost." Bronze *bas-reliefs* on the pedestal will illustrate a scene from "Comus" and the expulsion from Eden. Statue and pedestal together will have a height of nearly thirteen feet. Remittances may be made through THE CRITIC, or sent direct to the Rev. Albert Barff, Vicar of St. Giles's, Cripple-gate, E. C., who would rather receive from America many small subscriptions than a few large ones.

When the late James McNeill Whistler founded a school of his own in Paris, some four years ago, even his friends, who had long ago ceased to be astonished at anything that eccentric genius might do, received a new sensation.

Whistler and a School! The ideas were far apart. At one time, the energetic little Madame Vitti had been permitted to use his name on her school's announcements, and he had appeared in her class rooms,—once. No one but the artist himself will ever know why he started that Paris school, known as the Académie Carmen; and the fact remains, that for a brief season, it held Mr. Whistler's attention and interest. Of course it was popular, even though the criticisms were irregular, and no one ever felt quite sure what would happen next. The second year of its existence its vicissitudes began. Mr. Whistler gave but two criticisms, in the early fall, and then went off to Spain, leaving the School to run itself. When the students realized they were without a master, many and bitter were the complaints and mutterings of discontent. Time passed, and still no sign of him whose fame had lured the aspiring students to this, the newest of the Latin Quarter schools.

At length, well along toward spring, a message came, but, alas, it was Mr. Whistler's farewell to his classes, couched in characteristic language, and signed with the inevitable butterfly. It was reverently copied, and to-day it is treasured by many serious devotees of the dead painter, who never could resist having his satirical little fling at some one. Here it is:

Mr. Whistler begs that Madame La Massière will present his compliments to the distinguished students of the Académie Carmen, journeying upward with this strange device "Excelsior" on their wiped and polished palettes. As they set forth, he bids them God speed. He feels not only that he should, perhaps, himself have hastened, or at least facilitated their departure, that they might not have been distressed by some pretty sense of allegiance that has detained them, and separated them from their comrades.

While he regrets that he did not more quickly come to their help, and relieve the situation of all strain, for which he can see no fitness, he cannot fail greatly to appreciate the graceful thought of those who have bravely lingered still, to make their courtesies to his bow, that all might be as it should, among beautiful and well-born people.

Mr. Whistler trusts, further, that all will soon forgive, as they will at once forget, the despotic, narrow, and discouraging principles urged upon them in this aristocratic and intolerant academy. And he desires Madame La Massière to frankly admit for him the hopelessness for transportation of these principles, their deadly danger to milder matter, together with their inadaptability to all fellowship,—and other amicable uses,—save always the one golden precept, so continually instilled, that "nothing matters," which he commends as ever true and of vast comfort in all companies.

And he prays Madame La Massière to lay at the feet of the fair and distinguished students as aforesaid gathered to make their adieux, his admirable homage and continued devotion, wherewith he begs to kiss the tips of their tapering fingers, and has the honor to be always their humble, obedient, and gentle servant.

A new edition of Mr. Whistler's "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" is announced by Messrs. Putnam. The book has long been out of print, and will be welcome to the many admirers of Mr. Whistler's eccentric genius. Mr. Whistler chose the type for the first edition of the book and designed its general arrangement. He told his London publisher, Mr. Heinemann, that he wished the book, whenever it should be republished, to be printed in exactly the same style, and his request, has been respected by Messrs. Putnam.

England undoubtedly has more sensational methods of advertising than we have in this country. Some time ago the publisher of the *Express*, Mr. Pearson's morning paper, conceived the idea of losing a young woman in London and asking the readers of that journal to find her. The dress and appearance of the young woman were minutely described in the columns of the paper, and a large reward was offered to any one who should recognize her and walking up to her in the street say, "You are the young woman who has been described in the *Express*." She was to walk in the most populous parts of London, through the Strand, Ludgate Hill, Cheapside, and Tottenham Court Road. The idea was to see if a person could be discovered by

description. Some one, I believe, did discover her and got the reward. Now Mr. Harmsworth, of the *Daily Mail*, who has recently taken over the *Weekly Dispatch*, has gone Mr. Pearson one better, for to attract public attention to his paper he has hidden five thousand dollars in different places about London, and crowds are daily hunting for the treasure.



Hints as to the whereabouts of the treasure were published in the *Dispatch*, and hundreds of people have been digging night and day. Many of these 20th Century Argonauts have had their reward. It may be remembered that Mr. Harmsworth made his first success with a guessing contest. He advertised, when *Answers* was the only publication that he owned, that he would give five dollars a week for life to the man, woman, or child who came nearest to guessing the amount of bullion in the Bank of England on a certain day. A private soldier won the prize, and I believe married and retired from the army on the strength of his newly acquired fortune.



If a man has fifty or a hundred thousand or a million dollars to spend in advertising in this country he puts the most of this money into newspapers and periodicals, for the good and sufficient reason, I suppose, that our periodicals have such enormous circulations. In England they have still to learn the value of printer's ink as an advertising medium. They will paste the town with posters, but newspapers and magazines they fight shy of. The English advertiser who discovers that he can reach his biggest audience through the newspapers has a fortune awaiting him.

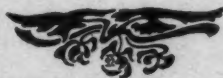


An amusing and instructive sidelight on the Triple Alliance is furnished by

an incident which recently occurred at Innsbruck in connection with the appearance there of Count de Gubernatis. The Italian portion of the population of Innsbruck has long desired the establishment of a university in the picturesque Tyrolese town, a project which has been more or less frowned upon by the Austrian authorities. In the way of a tentative move, however, a course of free lectures was lately inaugurated, and no less an authority than Count de Gubernatis was invited to deliver the first lecture of the series. Yet so great was the Germanic prejudice against the movement that the authorities stepped in at the last moment and declined to permit the lecturer to proceed. The absurdity of the situation is heightened by the fact that the subject of the lecture was Petrarch, of the immortal Sonnets. It is difficult to see how the singer of Laura could prove dangerous to the Hapsburgs, and equally puzzling to know why Italian, the language of a beloved ally, should be forbidden by a government which has under its wing at least twenty languages and dialects. The incident, of course, precipitated the usual student riots, and Count de Gubernatis became possibly more of a hero than if things had been allowed to take their natural course.



It is not often that both the arts of line and that of verse are possessed by one personality. Rossetti is about the only figure of this kind in English literature. Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay is a young man from the west who has lately come to New York, and who is striving for laurels in both fields. I reproduce one of his designs with the word-accompaniment, or rather one of his poems illustrated with his design. Speaking for the words I wish to call attention to the fact that they are good poetry, and as for the drawing it is interesting at least.



THE QUEEN OF BUBBLES.

"YOU WILL NEVER REACH THE SUN
IN YOUR BUBBLE-CROWN ASCENDING.
YOUR CHARIOT WILL MELT TO MIST
YOUR CROWN WILL HAVE AN ENDING."

"NAY, SUN IS BUT A BUBBLE
EARTH IS A WHIFF OF FOAM:
TO MY CAVES ON THE COAST OF THULE
EACH NIGHT I CALL THEM HOME.
THENCE FAITHS BLOW FORTH TO ANGELS
AND LOVES BLOW FORTH TO MEN
THEY BREAK AND TURN TO NOTHING
BUT I MAKE THEM WHOLE AGAIN.
ON THE CRESTED WAVES OF CHAOS
I RIDE THEM BACK REBORN,
NEW STARS I BRING AT EVENING
FOR THOSE THAT BURST AT MORN;
MY SOUL IS THE WIND OF THULE
AND EVENING IS THE SIGN
THE SUN IS BUT A BUBBLE
A FRAGILE CHILD OF MINE."

W.V. LINDSAY.

The Mission of the Republican Party *

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

AMONG the many wise and notable utterances of Abraham Lincoln there is one which has attracted less attention than by right it ought to have attracted. It was delivered on November 10, 1864, just after Lincoln's re-election to the Presidency, and in response to a serenade. It runs in part as follows:

It has long been a grave question whether any government not too strong for the liberties of its people can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies. On this point the present rebellion brought our republic to a severe test and the Presidential election occurring in regular course during the rebellion, added not a little to the strain. . . . The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts in the case. What has occurred in this case must ever occur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial compared with the men of this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us therefore study the incidents in this as philosophy to learn wisdom from and none of them as wrongs to be avenged. . . . Now that the election is over, may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a re-election and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion as I think for their own good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result.

This brief speech was typical of Lincoln alike in its strong common sense and in its lofty standard of morality; and the Republican party to-day is a living organism of good because it has continued responsive to those thoughts and purposes of its founders which were given their highest expression in the life of the great

martyred President. In its essentials, human nature does not change; or at least the change is very slow. In the successive national trials, great and small, which this country has had to face since the day, half a century ago, when the Republican party began its career, the same qualities have inevitably been displayed—the qualities of strength and weakness, of wisdom and folly, of evil and good; and in each of these crises we have done well or ill about in proportion as we have shown the qualities which made us do well or ill in the others. The problems shift from generation to generation; but, after all, in each case the danger is due to fundamentally the same evil tendencies, and in each case success can come only by the exercise of wisdom and courage, energy and high-mindedness. This is the reason why the history of the Republican party in the past is not merely of abiding interest to the student, but is of present importance to every man who seeks in practical fashion actually to apply the principles of civic righteousness.

It is of course the merest truism to say that a party is of use only so far as it serves the nation, and that he serves his party best who serves the nation best. In 1856 and in 1860, the party was of use because it stood against the extension of Slavery; in 1864, because it stood against all Slavery as well as against the destruction of this Union; in 1868, because it stood against those who wished to undo the results of the war. These are now dead issues; but we can learn how to face the live issues of the present by studying in good faith how men faced these dead issues of the past. We must act with wisdom or else our adherence to right will be mere sound and fury without substance; and we must act high-mindedly or else our wisdom will in the long run prove to be but folly in the eyes of the just and the far-sighted. Our policy must be such as will secure material prosperity

* This paper is to be printed later as a "Foreword" to the "History of the Republican Party," by Francis E. Curtis, which G. P. Putnam's Sons now have in press.

to the nation; for exactly as a man cannot be a good citizen unless by his work he is able to keep himself and those dependent upon him from want, so a nation can count for little until it has the power which is based on physical well-being. Yet it is an evil thing for the nation, as for the individual, if material well-being is accepted as in itself all-sufficient; such well-being is worthless save as a foundation on which to build the higher life. It is a good thing for the nation as for the man to have the money-making capacity, but back of this and above it must stand

those qualities of the intellect and of the spirit, of the mind and of the soul, which in their sum make up that high and fine type of character which tells for true greatness. Such was the character shown in every phase of the work of Lincoln.

There are few less desirable things than to advance the history of what has been well done in the past as an excuse for failure to do well in the present; and few more desirable than to study such history with the earnest desire to profit thereby, in order to do better service in the time that now is.

Did Bulwer-Lytton Foretell the Discovery of Radium?

By ARTHUR HORNBLow

HAS poet or novelist, in the wildest flights of his imagination, ever soared beyond what, sooner or later, man will attain? We may well doubt it when we realize how to-day we have in constant use, as indispensable parts of our civilization, inventions and devices which—years before they came into common usage—imaginative writers described only as a fantastic dream. In other words, are we to believe that writers of fiction, writers of the school of Verne, Flammarion, Robrida, Lloyd, Wells, and others, are half a century ahead in ideas of the world's scientists and inventors?

A notable example of this gift of prophecy in some fiction writers is that of Jules Verne, who, in his two books, "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" and "The Steam House," practically described, thirty years before they were introduced, two of the greatest inventions of our time, inventions which mark a new era for the human race—the submarine boat and the automobile. The *Nautilus* in Verne's story is a wonderful vessel which can travel along the surface of the ocean or descend to its lowest depths with equal facility. Neither

the Holland boat nor its French counterpart, the *Gustave Zédé*, can yet do all the wonderful things the *Nautilus* did, but for all practical purposes the craft represent a successful application of Verne's idea. The French novelist also foresaw the coming of the automobile. In his story, "The Steam House," is described a fortress-like structure on wheels, propelled by steam and armed with guns for protection from the denizens of the African jungle. This same idea was later further elaborated by Captain Danritt, a French military writer, who advocated moving fortresses and automobile cannon for use in modern warfare. These ideas, of course, were only early conceptions of the self-moving vehicle now so familiar a figure on our streets.

In the same way the latest types of air-ship—the Santos-Dumont balloon and the Langley kite—were semi-humorously anticipated many years ago by Robrida and others. And has not John Ury Lloyd, in his fantastic story, "Etidorhpa," accurately described what we now know as the X-ray?

But perhaps the most remarkable and complete of these forecasts of

science in guise of fiction is the foretelling by Bulwer-Lytton of the discovery of Radium—the marvels of which are now astounding the scientific world, and whose agency may give to man power almost superhuman.

In his novel, "The Coming Race" (written more than half a century ago), the great English novelist gives an account of a remarkable race of human beings that lived in the bowels of the earth. The theory of their presence there is that their remote progenitors once tenanted a world above that in which their descendants dwell, but the earth being then in its infancy and in the throes of transition from one form of development to another, there was a cataclysm of nature and the then inhabited world was destroyed by a great flood. A band of the ill-fated race took refuge in caverns amidst the rocks, and, wandering through the hollows, lost sight of the upper world forever.

The fugitives had carried with them the knowledge of the arts they had practised, and after many centuries attained a high degree of civilization. They soon enjoyed all the mechanical inventions now known to our age, including steam and gas. Their different communities were in fierce competition with each other; they had their rich and poor, and, like us, they made war for a domain or an idea. The various states acknowledged various forms of government, but free institutions preponderated and republics soon became general. There were, however, constant social changes more or less violent, strife between classes, war between state and state, and all this (a satire, of course, on conditions prevailing in the world to-day) was finally brought to a close among the nobler and more intellectual populations by the discovery of a mysterious substance which they called Vril, and which, as described by Bulwer-Lytton, was identical with Radium.

This substance was capable of being used as the mightiest agency over all forms of matter, animate and inanimate. It could destroy life like a flash of lightning; yet, differently applied,

it could restore or invigorate life and heal the sick. Indeed, the race chiefly relied on it for the cure of disease, or rather to enable the physical organization to re-establish the equilibrium of its natural powers and thereby to cure itself.

This wonderful power at once gave the people who discovered it ascendancy over their neighbors. They became known as the Vril-discoverers and soon attained a degree of civilization thousands of years in advance of our own, through the agency of this power. By using Vril the race could rend their way through the most solid substances and open up valleys for cultivation through the rocks of their subterranean wilderness. From Vril they extracted the light for lighting their cities, and found it softer, steadier, and more healthy than the light they had heretofore used. But the effects of the terrible force of Vril were chiefly remarkable in their political and social results. As the effects of the chemical became familiarly known and skilfully handled, war between the Vril-discoverers necessarily ceased, for by its aid they brought the art of destruction to such perfection as to annul all superiority in numbers or military skill. The chemical placed at the end of a rod and directed by the hand of a child could shatter the largest battle-ship afloat, or mow down an entire battalion.

The age of war was, therefore, gone, and man was so completely at the mercy of man—each whom he encountered being able, if so willing, to slay him on the instant—that all notions of government by force gradually vanished from political systems. The Vril-discoverers thus, in the course of a few generations, peacefully split up into communities of moderate size. These subdivided states all formed one vast family. They spoke the same language, intermarried, maintained the same laws and customs, and so important a bond between these several communities was the knowledge of Vril that the word A-Vril became synonymous with civilization, and Vril-ya, signifying The Civilized Nations, was the common name by which the com-

munities employing Vril distinguished themselves from neighboring nations still in ignorance of the substance and so in a comparative state of barbarism.

The Vril staff or instrument with which this terrible power was exercised is hollow. It has in the handle several stops, keys, or springs by which its force can be altered, modified, or directed—so that by one process it destroys, by another it heals, by one it can shatter a rock, by another exercise influence over minds, in the same manner as mental suggestion. And this strange people also invented certain tubes by which Vril could be directed toward the object it is meant to destroy, the carrying power being no less than five hundred miles. And their mathematical science is so accurate that upon the report of some observer in a balloon any member of the Vril department can estimate unerringly the nature of intervening obstacles, the height to which the projectile instrument should be raised, and the extent to which it should be charged. Sufficient force could be generated by this projectile to destroy a city as vast as London.

Fantastic as is the foregoing, it is less fantastic to the reader to-day than it must have seemed fifty years ago, when Bulwer-Lytton first wrote it, and one cannot help being struck by the surprising similarity between the properties claimed by the novelist for Vril, the mere offspring of his imagination, and the properties claimed by science for Radium. Let us consider some of these similarities:

(1) Bulwer-Lytton says a small amount of Vril could destroy a city as large as London and that a child could destroy an army by merely pointing at it a staff charged with the substance. Science assures us to-day that the power of Radium is almost limitless, that two pounds of it could destroy

three millions of people and that one ounce would blow up a battle-ship.

(2) Bulwer-Lytton's subterranean race lighted their streets and houses with Vril. Science tells us that Radium gives out light and heat without waste or diminution. It is, therefore, only a question of quantity and proper adaptation when the world will use Radium for lighting purposes.

(3) This wonderful Vril of the novelist could, he claimed, cure disease. Indeed, the race depended wholly on it to restore or invigorate life. Experiments recently made with Radium in our hospitals demonstrate that it will cure certain forms of disease, such as lupus and other skin diseases. It is also believed that it will cure cancer. On the other hand, if applied differently, it will burn the skin and destroy life. Physicians declare that air rendered radio-active will cure consumption, and that water rendered radio-active will relieve stomach trouble. Could, then, Bulwer-Lytton have been otherwise than inspired when he wrote half a century ago of Vril: "It enables the physical organization to re-establish the equilibrium of its natural powers and thereby to cure itself"?

There are other strange things described by Bulwer-Lytton in "The Coming Race," and if our newly discovered Radium is really none other than the novelist's Vril with all its wonderful powers for good and evil, how can we say that the description of that remarkable race with their automaton domestics, air-ships, cage-like houses, adjustable wings, etc., is not a picture of what one day we shall attain? Air-ships we are on the eve of perfecting, the cage-like apartment houses are here, the automaton domestic servants—alas! we need very badly,—and as to the wings, certainly they would be very useful, these days of slow rapid transit.

The Clan and the Boss

By ALFRED HODDER,

Author of "A Fight for the City"

ONE night, not many years ago, the writer, reckless of his ignorance of the map of London, undertook on foot a short cut from the house where he had been invited to dinner to his lodging. He soon found himself lost in a tangle of mean streets, and acutely conscious that he wore an opera-hat and was clad in the uniform that males of well-to-do classes find *de rigueur* of an evening. He assured himself that he was not alarmed; he was practised in seeking adventure in the slums of New York; but he kept a sharp lookout for a hansom or a four-wheeler, or even for a Bobby from whom to inquire his way; from casual observation he satisfied himself of the differences between the Bowery tough, with whom he felt a certain familiarity, and the London rough, and after the American fashion felt a comfort in fingering a revolver in his top-coat pocket. He did not discover the hansom or the four-wheeler or the Bobby; he was not assaulted by the English rough, and might well have left his revolver at home; but when he struck into the broad thoroughfares again, in which he knew his way, he felt distinctly a lessening of strain on his attention.

Mr. Jack London deliberately set out to discover the Submerged Tenth in London, much as he might have set out to discover Stanley's Darkest Africa. He found it to the full as hard to discover the location of the East End of London as to discover the location of Darkest Africa. His friends assured him that his proposed journey was impossible; Cook's Tourist Agency was unaware of the existence of an East End except as an ornament of literature; the most that a private detective, alleged to live in the East End, could do for him was to take down his height and weight for identification in the event of his appearing subsequently in the Morgue. He engaged a hansom and ordered the cabby to drive him to

the East End. "Where, sir?" demanded the cabby.—"To the East End—anywhere." And presently, after an aimless drive: "I say," said cabby, "wot plice yer wanten go?"—"East End. Nowhere in particular, just drive me around anywhere."—"But wot 's the haddress, sir?" "See here!" the investigator thundered, "drive me down to the East End and at once." Naturally the cabby thought his fare an escaped lunatic. Naturally also the dealer in second-hand clothes, with whom Mr. London negotiated a change of garments, thought his customer an upper-class criminal in search of hiding.

Once rid of his hansom and possessed of shabby clothes, Mr. London found the East End omnipresent; there is the East End wherever there is poverty—misery, the French say; Mr. London has recorded what he saw in "The People of the Abyss."* The narrative bears frankly the marks that the author was amazed and shocked, but it bears the marks also that in his distress he kept his head. The great slums of the modern world are to be found in the two great cities that the Anglo-Saxon people so-called have built for themselves in their prosperity and pride—in London and in New York. In London there are some half a million men, women, and children who have utterly "missed their luck," or who are somewhat hopelessly in search of it. Mr. London's adventures and observations amongst this half million he details with much sprightliness and accuracy. The book is capital good reading and in its way a document. Of the people he met, the dominant note was determined by the fact that they and their kind were by the competition of modern life being trampled out of existence. In their defeat the deity who provides both comfort for the day and euthanasia is Boose. Their philosophy of life was

* The Macmillan Co.

worked out for Mr. London by a temporary "mate" of his, who was at odd times a sailor. I quote:

"But women," I suggested, when he had finished proclaiming booze the sole end of existence.

"Wimmen!" He thumped his pot upon the bar and orated eloquently. "Wimmen is a thing my eddication 'as learnt me t' let alone. It don't pay, matey; it don't pay. Wot's a man like me want o' wimmen, eh? jest you tell me. There was my mar, she was enough, a-bangin' the kids about an' makin' the ole man mis'able when 'e come 'ome, w'ich was seldom, I grant. An' fer w'y? Becos o' mar! She did n't make 'is 'ome 'appy, that was w'y. Then there's the other wimmen, 'ow do they treat a pore stoker with a few shillin's in 'is trouseys? A good drunk is wot 'e's got in 'is pockits, a good long drunk, an' the wimmen skin 'im out of 'is money so quick 'e ain't 'ad 'ardly a glass. I know. I've 'ad my fling an' I know wot's wot."

"An' I tell you, where's wimmen is trouble—screechin' an' carryin' on, fightin', cuttin', bobbies, magistrates, an' a month's 'ard labor back of it all, an' no pay-day when you come out."

"But a wife and children," I insisted. "A home of your own, and all that. Think of it, back from a voyage, little children climbing on your knee, and the wife happy and smiling, and a kiss for you when she lays the table, and a kiss all around from the babies when they go to bed, and the kettle singing and the long talk afterward of where you've been and what you've seen, and of her and all the little happenings at home while you've been away, and——"

"Garn!" he cried, with a playful shove of his fist on my shoulder. "Wot's yer game, eh? A missus kissin', an' kids clim'in', an' kettle singin', all on four poun' ten a month w'en you 'ave a ship, an' four nothin' w'en you 'ave n't. I'll tell you wot I'd get on four poun' ten—a missus rowin', kids squallin', no coal t' make the kettle sing, an' the kettle up the spout, that's wot I'd get. Enough t' make a bloke bloomin' well glad to be back t' sea. A missus! Wot for? T' make you mis'able? Kids? Jest take my counsel, matey, an' don't 'ave 'em. Look at me! I can 'ave my beer w'en I like, an' no blessed missus an' kids a-cryin' for bread. I'm 'appy, I am, with my beer an' mates like you, an' a good ship comin', an' another trip to sea. So I say, let's 'ave another pint. Arf an' arf 's good enough fer me."

By the New Yorker who cares how the other half lives, Mr. London's book might with profit be read in connection with Mr. Riis's "Children of the Tene-

ments" * and Mr. Lewis's "The Boss."† Mr. Riis says in his preface that he is unable to invent a story, and insists that the tales which he is recording are reporter's notes, so to speak, of incidents which have actually happened. The reader of "Children of the Tenements" will probably agree with me in opining that in his modest denial Mr. Riis does himself an injustice. The stories—"The Kid Hangs Up His Stocking," "Death Comes to Cat Alley," "War on the Goats," "How Jim Went to War,"—not to name others—bear the marks of happy inspiration. If Mr. Riis has found these stories exactly as he relates them, every lover of good stories may congratulate him on his luck. At all events, every lover of good stories may congratulate himself on Mr. Riis having had knowledge of the tales which in this volume he sets down. In "Children of the Tenements," as in his previous volumes, Mr. Riis writes of how the other half lives in New York City. In contrast with Mr. London, he writes with optimism, with the optimism which is his habit and which people of Mr. London's temperament find somewhat pachydermous. He chooses for his theme the more engaging incident,—I believe the exceptional incident,—in classes amongst whom Mr. London has chosen the more revolting incident to describe. Local color apart, the two books give fairly well the tragedy and comedy at the present time of low life in New York and London.

Mr. Lewis, in "The Boss," has given a composite photograph, so to speak, of the sort of man who governs the people of whom Mr. London and Mr. Riis write in "The People of the Abyss" and in "Children of the Tenements." Every man who knows the West owes Mr. Lewis a debt of gratitude for his Wolfville stories. The Old Cattleman, Cherokee Hall, Texas Thompson, Faro Nell, Old Enright, and Doc Peets—to a man who knows them it is a pleasure simply to name them. On the prairie Mr. Lewis is at

* The Macmillan Co.
† A. S. Barnes & Co.

home, and puts his reader at home. On the Bowery and in the slums in New York Mr. Lewis may be quickly recognized as an alien in speech. He uses *la langue verte* when he is writing of the men of the plains as one inspired; he uses *la langue verte* when writing of men in New York as if he were a talented sociologist from the University of Berlin making a book about what he had heard and seen on a six months' visit in the United States. But details of idiom apart, Mr. Lewis's Boss is a real boss. He wins his first recognition with his fists in a sordid quarrel which brings him before a police magistrate. He wins his way to leadership by being willing to give any man a fight who asks for it, by infinite kindness to any one who places himself under his protection, by infinite cunning and unscrupulousness against any one and against every one who does not belong to his clan and who opposes him. He knows his own district in its smallest details; he knows who cannot pay his rent, who is out of a job, who is in trouble with the police, who ought to be in trouble with the police, but is not yet; he makes it the

business of his day to know these things, and to take such action upon them as to him seems fit; he has his disciplined cortège of young roughs to execute his will; he knows on the morning of election day how many votes he can poll. From the point of view of the so-called silk-stocking reformer the portrait is not a pleasant one, but it bears a strong family resemblance to the features of some of the men who have ruled New York, and it may well be considered whether the men of the type of Mr. Lewis's boss are not, by virtue of their industry and of their intimate acquaintance with the conditions of the people who live in side streets, the fittest to rule New York. Well-intentioned ignorance is not an excellent outfit for wise government. I am not sure, but I have for a long time surmised that for the masses of the people in his district the leadership of a man, even so much under just censure as Big Tim Sullivan, is wiser and kinder than would be the leadership in the same district of, let us say, one of the blameless and earnest philanthropists of the City Club.

A Light Talk Between a Young Man and His Uncle

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS,

Author of "Cheerful Americans," "The Four-Masted Cat-Boat," etc.

YOUNG MAN

Can literature make its first appearance in the columns of a newspaper?

HIS UNCLE

What a foolish question! Of course not.

Y. M.

Well, but the other day I read a book by G. K. Chesterton, called "Varied Types," a set of essays on some twenty famous men and women, and it was brilliant and witty and humorous, and it seemed to me to have real literary value; and yet, according to the pre-

face, the essays made their bow to the world in the columns of the English newspapers.

H. U.

But, my dear fellow, they were not literature *then*. See here. An orange makes its first appearance on the bough of a tree in the far South. When the grower goes to look at it he finds it is the right size and the right quality for shipment and its appearance is tempting to the sight, although its color is green. It is not ripe fruit. What happens? It is shipped North and in

course of time goes through a ripening process, and at last, when it is brought to the table, it is ripe fruit. Now, newspaper essays and stories are sometimes unripe literary fruit. They can be made literature—sometimes—by the mere packing of them in boards or cloth and letting them stand to ripen for a few weeks, and then you yourself, who would have laughed at their pretensions in a newspaper, will buy them in their book form and will find them literature. Sometimes the mere appearance of the book form will cause you to jump to the conclusion that it is literature that you are reading, but taste and see—there *have* been handsome books whose contents were Dead-Sea fruit.

Y. M.

By the way, Uncle, I've heard this very Chesterton of whom I was speaking described as a flippant and irreverent newspaper writer.

H. U.

I have no doubt. You see the reviewer may have read his articles in the newspaper. That in itself would tend to make them seem flippant, and if Chesterton happened to overthrow any of the treasured idols of the reviewer he would of course be called irreverent. Now, I too was lucky enough to read Chesterton in a book, and so it never entered my head that I was not reading a perfectly legitimate, but not ponderous form, of literature. And I also felt that while he *was* something of an iconoclast, he was an iconoclast with a heart and with good, warm blood in his veins, and also that he was that somewhat rare thing, an Englishman with a keen sense of humor.

Y. M.

But don't we look to England for some of our best humorists?

H. U.

You're right, my boy, and Aldrich has recently given us a ray of light on

the subject. On your birthday I'm going to give you his Ponkapog Papers (how lucky, by the way, that they did n't come out in a newspaper!), and you'll find him saying—I think I can repeat it word for word, as I read it only this morning—"When an Englishman is not highly imaginative he is apt to be the most matter-of-fact of mortals. He is rarely imaginative and seldom has an alert sense of humor. Yet England has produced the finest of humorists and the greatest of poets. The humor and imagination which are diffused through other peoples concentrate themselves from time to time in individual Englishmen." Chesterton is an excellent example of such concentration. America is probably prouder of him than England is, because he is more American than English. Most of the great English humorists have been more American than English, although they would have knocked you down for telling them so.

Y. M.

Well, Uncle, to go back a little, you really think that a man is only to be reckoned with as fast as he gets out of the papers and into book form?

H. U.

Most certainly. Mind you, I'm not saying that a great many literary men did not begin their careers on newspapers. They tell me that Lafcadio Hearn, that marvellous master of poetic English prose, made his first reputation as a writer of "nervous English" on a Cincinnati newspaper. He might still be writing "nervous English," as a newspaper correspondent on a high salary, and then where would his literary reputation be? Why, look here! Do you suppose that if Kipling's poems had stayed in the paper where so many of them came out he would to-day stand so high among England's singers?

Y. M.

Uncle, are you sarcastic? Would n't he stand high among the discerning?

H. U.

Mercy on us, man! What are you asking for? Discernment? Do you wish a man who reads his newspaper standing up in a surface car, or hastily, before he rushes for his train, to be discerning? No, the only safe rule to go by is the good old rule that nothing is literature that appears in the public prints, but that, if it have the proper earmarks, it can become literature and perhaps can be booked for immortality by the simple addition of board or cloth covers.

Y. M.

But is everything in boards or cloth literature?

H. U.

See here, my boy. *You* don't have to stand up in a car, and you don't have to rush for one, and you won't until your college grind is over. Why not

exercise your discernment and stop asking me questions in order to save your brains from earning their blood?

Y. M.

Say, Uncle, I never can tell just how you mean a thing. But I want to ask just this: Don't you think there are newspaper men, dead and gone who never achieved boards or cloth, who produced work that could have held its own as literature if they had only taken the precaution to—to—

H. U.

—To get the embalming fluid from a kindly publisher? Why, of course. And it's not too late yet. There is more than one reputation sleeping in old files, and some day it will fall to the lot of one to awaken and be put into book form, and that book may eclipse in selling power a historical novel that is destined to beat the two-minute record in 1904.

Some American Figure-Painters*

By CHARLES H. CAFFIN

If it is true that the figure-picture is not conspicuously to the front in contemporary American art, the reasons may readily be found. They come of conditions which are partly social and economical and partly characteristic of painting itself, as practised in America: Thus the public as well as the painters are responsible.

Twenty-five years ago matters were different. Students, returning from Munich and Paris, brought with them a taste for figure-pictures, which was shared by the American public. But the vogue was of brief spell, neither public nor painters in America having the traditions which seem to be necessary to produce and maintain a school of figure-painting. In the absence of these, our artists repeated the history of the Englishmen of the end of the eighteenth century and were drawn towards portrait-painting; later arose

opportunities which drew them off into that special branch of figure-painting, mural decoration; and meanwhile the influence of the Barbizon men had fastened upon us, promoting, among laity and artists alike, a special interest in landscape. It caught up and knit together some ragged ends of what was in the nature of a tradition among ourselves. For our first really local movement in art had begun with the men of the so-called Hudson school, who had been the first to discover for themselves and for the public the pictorial possibilities of our own landscape. It was so that the Dutchmen of the seventeenth century placed landscape to the front as a motive of painting, and that Constable in England and the Fontainebleau artists in France, innoculating it afresh with nature, had revived it. And when the influence of these last reached us, it found artists in our midst, ready and able to work

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under it with independent creativeness. And to the love of their own country's natural beauties they joined a skill in the best modern methods of painting, so that it was not surprising how speedily they secured a vogue among American art-lovers, which crowded out the usual preference that people have for the figure-subject. The result has been the establishment of a certain consensus of taste, motive, and method among Americans in the matter of landscape, which has promoted, as far as is perhaps possible in these days of separate effort, a school of American painting; founded upon an approximation to tradition as close as can be expected in a country removed completely from the old world, new in itself and absorbing such a diversity of racial characteristics.

On the other hand, in the case of figure-painting, there was no such shred of tradition; nor has there been any marked point of agreement between artists and laymen around which a mutual interest might coalesce. On the one hand there still remains with the general public a disinclination for nude subjects, while the German *genre* picture, which erstwhile delighted, has been transferred to the lumber-room of superannuated ideals. Nor has the American figure-painter been very successful in discovering motives of subjects for his pictures that might appeal directly to American sympathies. A few have sought inspiration among the Indians; but the majority, influenced, as they could not fail to be, by the vogue in Europe for peasant *genre*, have been touched by the externals only, and, missing in our workers here the picturesqueness of the Dutch and French peasantry, have missed also the fundamental basis of the art of Millet and of his worthiest followers,—the respect for, and sympathy with, and understanding of the life of toil. They have become in no sense interpreters of life, but merely picture-makers. This failure to reach the inwardness of the subject is a symptom of the lack of imagination, which is apt to be characteristic of the mental habit of Americans as well as of their

art. In lieu of imagination are directness and adaptability; yet the figure-painters, with a few exceptions, have not displayed a directness of vision, such as, for example, belonged to the Dutch masters of peasant and domestic *genre*, but a slantwise interest, which has guided them in the direction either of portraiture or of the comparative obviousness of illustration; encouraged, however, in each case, it should be noted, by the public demand for these expressions of their skill. Thus the responsibility for any lack of vitality in American figure-painting must be shared by the public as well as by the painters. Yet it must rest more particularly with the painters themselves.

And one feature that is noticeable in the average American picture is the lack of a masterful facility in the treatment of the figure; the evidence of labored workmanship and of dependence upon the model. These failings may be traced to the faulty methods of studying from life in many of our schools; to the incessant working from a model posed in one fixed position; to the finish and accuracy demanded in the representation, and to the limited motive of studying the model merely for its form instead of also in relation to some general scheme of composition. This system of detaching the study of the model from any proper consideration of the pictorial value of the human figure; and the student's ignorance of how to express movement, gesture, and expression, the actual living qualities of the model, cut him off from any free and spontaneous use of the figure. He is like a writer trying to express himself in a language of which he knows only the grammar and none of the felicities of words or of their relation to the needs and beauties of expression. Altogether too Ollendorffian is the method of instruction and the results of it exhibited in so many pictures!

Any further consideration of the latter must be omitted in a brief summary such as this; it being more to the point to dwell rather on those painters who have used the figure-motive in some

distinctly purposeful way. Foremost among them, both in point of time and in the quality of his art, was George Fuller, whose life presents one of the noblest romances in the history of art, being an example, not only of genius blossoming under untoward circumstances, but of the highest form of sacrifice which an artist can exhibit; the subordination, namely, of his art to what he conceived to be the call of duty. For by the time that he was thirty-seven and had had twenty years of practice in painting, his father and mother died, and the care of the homestead-farm at Deerfield, Massachusetts, devolved upon him in the interest of his younger brothers and sisters. He made a brief pilgrimage to some of the chief galleries of Europe; then withdrew from the ken and recollection of his associates, and for fifteen years pursued the hard routine of a small farmer's life. Then, forced into bankruptcy by a fall in the price of crops and compelled to abandon the farm, he reappeared in Boston as a painter. Not such a one, however, as he had been, but matured by time and reflection and by continuous experiment, snatched from his brief intervals of leisure. The gray reality of his life had been illuminated with the recollection of Venetian coloring; the long combat with facts had taught him to seek a refuge for his spirit in the mysterious significance inherent in human life. Though working alone, far from the clash and echo of the schools, he had progressed by the instinct of his genius along the road which some of the best modern art was travelling. He had discovered for himself the art of generalizing, so that the big essentials shall be enforced; of enveloping the figure in atmosphere, and of making form elusive, yet significant. To the principle, often too barrenly negative, of the art-for-art's-sake theorists, that the art of a picture is not in the subject but in the artist's treatment of it, he had added, in response to the needs of his own spiritual development, the further motive of human interest. He had used the painter-like qualities of painting to body forth the soul, of which he was

conscious, in the human form. Very remarkable, therefore, are his pictures; not less for their technical qualities than for the deep, tender force of their spiritual suggestions. Out of the rocky strength of this stout New England conscience had blossomed flowers of art, beautiful in themselves, even more so in the fragrance they exhale.

Another prominent figure of this earlier period was William Morris Hunt, whose pictures, however, had less influence upon the growth of our art than his own personality. His original desire was to be a sculptor; later he studied under Couture, then in the full popularity of his "Romans of the Decadence," and, although he subsequently worked with Millet at Barbizon, he never ceased to exhibit a certain rigidity of drawing. While he had gained enfranchisement of spirit at Barbizon, it remained shackled in its pictoric expression by academical rigidities. His highest rôle, therefore, was that of prophet to the younger men, who in the early seventies began to return from Munich and Paris.

This period will remain a landmark in the history of American art. The Centennial Exhibition of 1876, with its display of European and Japanese art, opened men's eyes to the range and possibilities of art and aroused an enthusiasm which took the form of wishing that America might emulate the old world; and already a group of young Americans had returned home, primed with the latest ideas that the older civilization could impart. The men and the hour conjoined, the result of which was a period of remarkable productivity on the part of the artists, and of public acceptance and appreciation.

Looking back to that time, one may wonder if its abundant promise has been fully realized. Whatever our conclusions, it is certain that out of the circumstances which promised abundance have arisen others which militate against it. That portion of the American public which can afford to buy pictures, having had its enthusiasm aroused through European art, fell a victim to the specious logic of

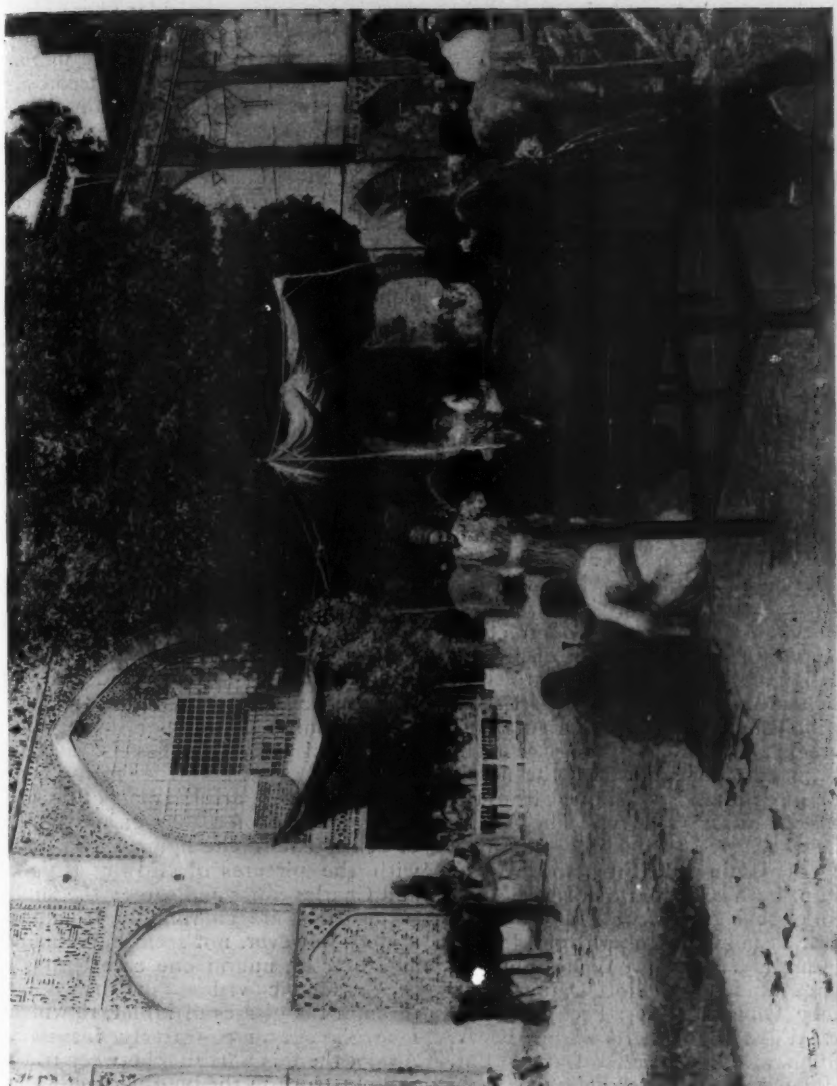
the dealer that "it is better to buy the real thing than an imitation of it." Moreover, prophets are always put to it to maintain a reputable standing in their own community; and, again, enthusiasm does not of itself establish connoisseurship. The man of business, shrewd enough in his own affairs, is apt to pursue his hobbies sheep-like; following where he is led, "not wisely but too well." And his leaders, if he stayed at home, were the dealers; or, if he went abroad, the exploiters of the foreign artists. Very soon was started a fashionable vogue for foreign pictures, which in its best aspect has been the means of bringing to this country some of the finest masterpieces of modern art; but a great quantity also of spurious masters and a flood of trash by various painters, who either enjoyed a brief space of reputation abroad or never had one. And, still further to complete the discouragement of native artists, our architects of modern houses have abandoned the generous ampleness of wide spaces, and carved them up into panels, with decorations in the French and Italian fashion, executed in feeble imitation of foreign examples by foreign artisans, working under contract labor.

Really, when one considers the matter, it is astonishing that the enthusiasm and skill of our artists should have survived such odds. Small wonder if some have not maintained the promise of their youth; if others have abandoned the uncertainties of imaginative and original work for the immediate conveniences of portraiture; and others have sought a refuge from starvation in that serfdom to an editor's notions and not infrequent ignorance of art which may easily be involved in book and magazine illustration! A grim list might be made of those who in an artistic sense have been killed and wounded in this prolonged fight. For it is not only that men have been diverted from the best, but have been tempted toward the trivial; so that in catering to the changing appetite of the market, there has been a constant premium set on what is sentimentally banal or flashy and meretricious.

Even in the career of an artist of aim and accomplishment so high as that of George de Forest Brush one may trace, perhaps, the effects of discouraging surroundings in his abandonment of pictures of Indian subjects for portraiture. Those earlier works, which he executed upon his return home from studying with Gérôme, represented a fine quality of imagination, which had comprehended the romance and pathos of the old Indian life. His method was still hard and tentative, not to be compared with the suave dignity and conscious mastery of his later portraits; yet works of superior imagination, touching upon a theme that must be full of interest for Americans, and with a power of realizing the spirit as well as the externals of the past, that has only been equalled in this country in the drawings made by Edwin A. Abbey in illustration of Herrick's poems and of Shakespeare's and Goldsmith's comedies. The graciousness and humor of these drawings and the exquisite artistry and skill of craftsmanship displayed in them can scarcely be praised too highly. Then Abbey turned to paint and became our one modern exponent of historical painting, for to that category virtually belong such elaborate compositions as his Shakespearian representations of "Hamlet" and "Queen Katharine." His drawings compare with these somewhat as a lunch taken on a walking tour in the Alps, when the bread, the honey, the butter, the trout fresh from the brook, and the draught of milk, products of the locality, have all its zest and vitalizing force,—as the frugal elegance of such a lunch compares with the mannered sumptuousness of a dinner at Delmonico's. From the one you rise invigorated, from the other with satiety.

Of Abbey's work as a decorator there will be more to say when we consider the work of our mural painters; and for this chapter may be reserved an allusion to La Farge, Simmons, Blashfield, Vedder, and several other painters, whose most important work has been in the field of decoration.

Among them must be classed the



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By Edwin Lord Weeks

late Robert Blum; yet many of us will be disposed to think that it was in his easel pictures, drawings, and etchings that he revealed most intimately his particular charm of feeling and method. For in these smaller works was a preciousness of style, the expression of a peculiarly sensitive artistic nature, which gave an air of elegant distinction to all he did; and, moreover, the evidence of a fragrance and lightness of spirit, as spontaneous as a child's. Of his studies made in Japan, probably the best examples of his maturity, it has been said that they breathe the very atmosphere of the locality. In a sense, no doubt, this is true; but not in the sense of representing the scenes and incidents as they must appear to a Japanese, for their method of approach still remains conspicuously Caucasian. On the other hand, the quality of the artistic motive has much in common with the Eastern ideal; inclining toward the universal and the abstract, with an instinct for the essence of beauty, pure of concrete accidents, and impregnated with a serious gayety, with a sense of the joyousness of beauty, so embracing and complete as to serve for a faith and rule of life.

It is motives corresponding to these which prompt the Caucasian artist, as distinguished from the Oriental, to represent the nude, although, for the mystification of the laity, the actual results are often far removed from the ideal of abstract beauty. The Americans who have best realized this ideal are Benjamin R. Fitz and Wyatt Eaton, both of whom died in the first flush of their maturity; Elihu Vedder, Edward Simmons, Robert Reid, Joseph De Camp, W. H. Low, Walter Shirlaw, George Maynard, Elliott Daingerfield, Henry Oliver Walker, Frederick Ballard Williams, Robert Blum, F. A. Bridgman, and Warren B. Davis. But, as I have hinted already, there is in this country a lingering distrust of the nude in art, which may be partly responsible for the infrequency with which such pictures are seen in the exhibitions.

How far an artist will succeed in representing something vitally human in

his work must depend upon the degree of interest which he feels in human life and upon his sympathetic comprehension of some particular phase of it. The latter will not come of desultory poking round in search of the picturesque, of something which, according to the studio jargon, is "paintable." It demands at least a temporary detachment from the point of view and mental habit of the studio, and a prolonged companionship with the subjects of study that will promote a mutual confidence and understanding. It was not until he had fulfilled both these conditions that Winslow Homer produced his epic cycle of the Maine fisherfolk; and it is because of the intimacy which Horatio Walker has gradually cemented between himself and the descendants of French peasants living on the island of Orleans, in the St. Lawrence, some twenty miles north-east of Quebec, that his pictures of them, as well as being fine in the abstract qualities of representation, abound with real human significance. Similarly, by living in Holland, Gari Melchers has been able to make the personages on his canvases actual, sentient beings. George Hitchcock, on the other hand, has found in Holland, especially in its brilliant tracts of flowers, only a setting for the personages of his own fancy; and I suspect that, while we find the many-hued tulip-beds delightful, some of us are less convinced of reality either of life or sentiment in the figures. So, too, with the pictures of Ridway Knight and Charles Sprague Pearce; the landscape parts are charmingly true, the figures, however, not seen individually and directly, but in one case through the academic vision, in the other through the glasses of Millet, to which Pearce's eyes are scarcely focussed. Again, there is a halting between truth and not-truth in the bootblack subjects of J. G. Brown; a truth of detail in the representation of forms and textures, but a falsification of their importance in relation to the ensemble as well as of the general truth of the individual type, realistic buttons on a creature born of a cheery imagination. These



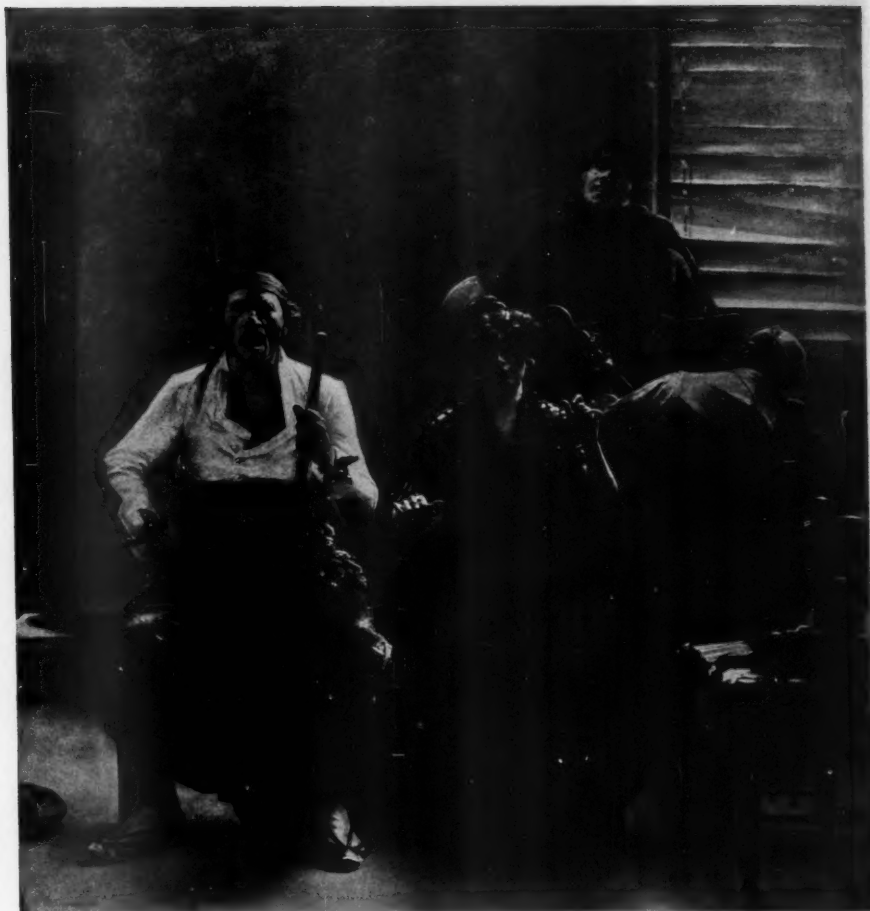
THE END OF THE DAY

By Sergeant Kendall

pictures, like the opera-bouffe presentation of peasants by the painters of Düsseldorf and Munich, belong to the story-telling view of art that W. H. Hunt was one of the first to combat in this country and which now lingers on chiefly between the pages of magazines, emerging every now and then in one of F. S. Church's curious confections of sentimentality and cryptic humor. Yet he has a very gracious use of delicate coloring, which goes far to redeem the bathos of the subject.

It is sometimes apparent, at any rate to the lay mind, that there is another

possible kind of bathos: the bathos, namely, of bare technical accomplishment. We are agreed that the abstract beauty of form and color, of light and atmosphere, may be sufficient motive for a picture; but to render such picture acceptable it must exhibit in the fulness of its expression such a devotion to the beauty of those qualities on the part of the artist, as to justify the lack of other motive. It was this form of imagination which made Vollon's pictures of still life so inciting to one's own imagination. But the evidence merely of an absorption in technical



Courtesy of

A QUARTETTE

Metropolitan Museum

By William T. Dannett

problems, while it may interest a jury of artists sufficiently to induce them to award a prize to the picture which involves that and nothing more, will not satisfy men whose horizon of life is wider. They will refuse to consider as more than a technical thesis such a picture as Benson's "A Woman Reading," Maurer's "An Arrangement," or Tarbell's "Venetian Blind," clever enough though each may be. They remember better work from the last-named, particularly his "Girl with Mirror," far better work from Benson,

while from Maurer they are still waiting to discover if his cleverness will become a medium for some worthy expression. How the facility of a student and his eager experimenting may pass on to the higher stage has been shown in the work of F. Dana Marsh and of Howard G. Cushing, and more recently in Charles W. Hawthorne's "Portuguese Fisher Boys." This very remarkable achievement of a young painter hangs in the current exhibition of the National Academy, but was passed over by the jury in



Courtesy of

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts

MEMORIES

By John W. Alexander

favor of his other example, "A Girl in Green," another of the studio theses, to which they awarded a prize.

On the other hand, that juries can rise above technical considerations is clear from the honors that have been justly given to the work of Abbott H. Thayer. He is neither a prolific nor a skilful painter, yet his pictures, when they infrequently appear, excite a profound impression by reason of the beautiful quality of mind that permeates them.

The lack of space forbids more than an allusion to the mingling of technical skill and choice feeling for beauty in John W. Alexander's figure-subjects;

to the decorative charm of Louis Loeb's and Frank V. Du Mond's; to the stirring realism of Frederick Remington's and Charles Schreyvogel's representations of Western life; to the sacred subjects by H. O. Tanner; to the union of the mystery of the pine woods with that of youth in Douglas Volk's very beautiful canvases; to the costume pictures of George A. Boughton and Frank D. Millet, and prevents an allusion to many painters who should rightly be included.

Indeed, to any one who is conversant with American art, the unavoidable inadequacy of this brief summary must be as obvious as it is to the writer.

The Earliest Portrait of Whistler

By FRANK M. BRISTOL

THE most eccentric master since Turner has been lost to the art world in the passing of James McNeill Whistler. He was more than eccentric, more than erratic. He trod dangerously near the edge of that precipice over which the greatest French etcher, poor Meryon, staggered and fell. Such men as Turner, Blake, Haydon, Meryon, and Whistler belong to that class which justifies the notion that genius is closely allied to insanity.

Whether or not the early injury to Whistler's head, which caused the famous tuft of hair to turn white, affected his brain could be determined only by a post-mortem examination of his skull.

But when the eccentricities of his genius shall have been forgotten, Whistler's paintings will still be recognized as among the masterpieces of the nineteenth century, and his etchings will be treasured as the most consummate achievements of the point since Rembrandt. One temptation of vanity which few artists, not excepting Raphael and Michael Angelo, have been able to resist, Whistler seems not to have been tormented with—the temp-

tation to paint himself. He did not, at least, have the inordinate vanity which inspired Rembrandt to execute in painting and in etching countless portraits of himself. The first portrait of Whistler, however, is an *ipse pinxit* water color, which was evidently painted in his twentieth year while he was a cadet in the United States Military Academy at West Point. This precious relic of the great artist's first endeavors is a complete and finished composition in water color, signed "J. Whistler," and inscribed on the back in ink: "Presented to Cadet A. K. Leigh by his affectionate room-mate, Cadet J. A. Whistler." It will be noticed that Whistler had not as yet assumed his mother's name, "McNeill." As is well known, his given name was "James Abbott." When he took his mother's name, as a middle name, he dropped the "Abbott" and signed himself, "James McNeill Whistler." This must have been after 1854, when he left West Point. The picture under consideration, which contains his own portrait, was painted while he was a cadet, which he ceased to be at the close of the examinations of 1854.

When he entered the Military Academy, July 1, 1851, he was sixteen years and eleven months of age; when he left, he was about twenty years old. The records show that he "flunked" in chemistry in the examinations of July, 1854, and was dismissed from the Academy. It was only a few years before that another equally erratic genius was expelled from this same ancient and honorable institution of military learning. But West Point does not stand alone as a school which has dismissed as great men as it has ever graduated.

Edgar Allan Poe was a cadet at West Point in 1830, but soon discovered his unfitness for a military life of discipline and restraint. What a sad waste of power it would have resulted in had this Poe and this Whistler continued their studies at West Point, graduated as lieutenants in the United States Army, and become food for the cannon of the Mexican or the Civil War, instead of one becoming the greatest poet and the other the greatest artist America has ever produced! While the records show that Whistler failed in chemistry, they also show that he stood at the head of his class in drawing. Singularly enough, his roommate, Arthur K. Leigh, also failed in chemistry and was dismissed with Whistler.

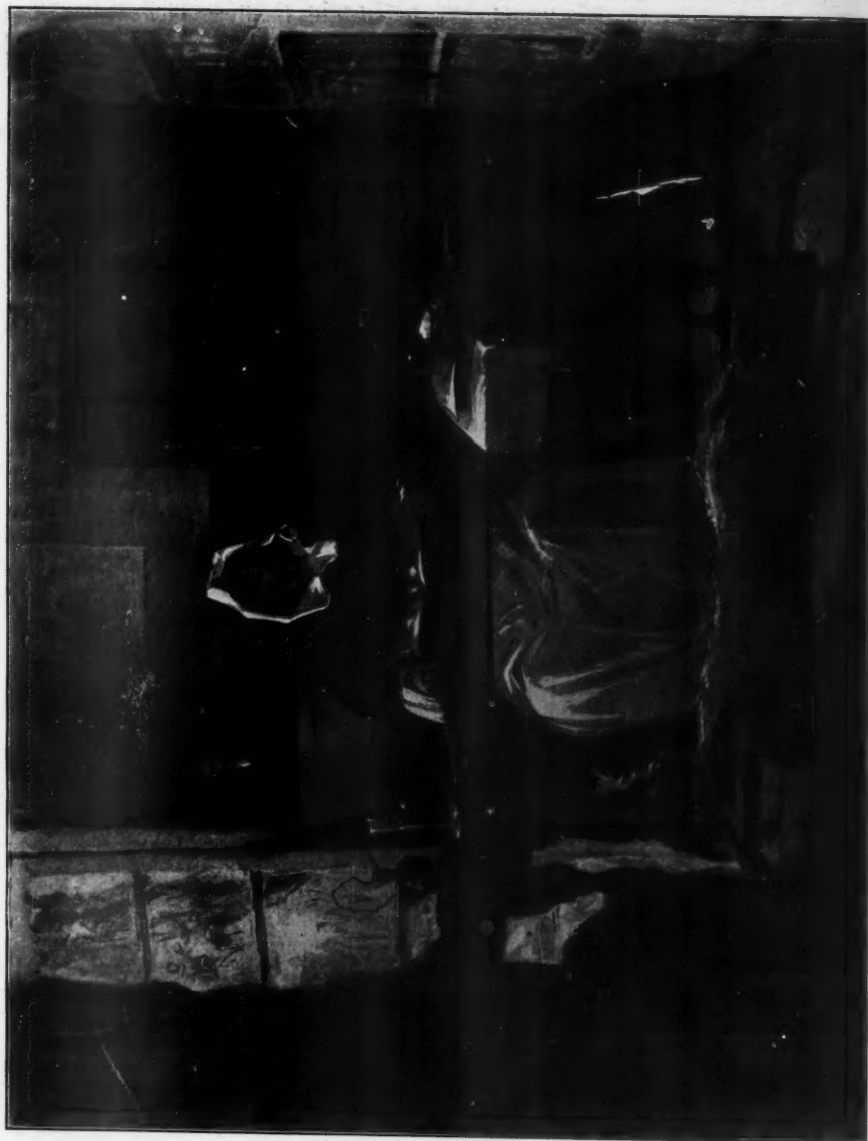
Arthur K. Leigh was a cadet from Maryland and Whistler was a cadet at large.

Of the subsequent career of Leigh we know this, that he entered the Confederate Army at the breaking out of the Civil War and distinguished himself as a brave and capable officer; he was wounded and lost his leg while commanding the left wing of his regiment at Corinth; he was subsequently a member of General Magruder's staff in Texas and met his death while serving as inspector-general of the defence of Galveston. The distinguished careers of these college chums would seem to indicate that their dismissal from West Point was due to some "lark" of theirs about examination time which unfitted them for the chemistry "exam" rather than to any lack

of ability on their part. When Leigh went south and with other Marylanders cast in his lot with the Confederacy, he left this picture of his old chum Whistler with his family. There it has since remained as a precious souvenir of the early and intimate companionship of the chums who in spite of their deficiency in chemistry distinguished themselves in after life as men of exceptional ability.

In this early picture Whistler very whimsically puts his face in the cowl of a monk, and yet, while dressed in this sombre garb, he is seated at a table with a book open before him, and is surrounded with pictures, book-cases, and ponderous tomes of ancient lore. A very Whistlerish dog stands at his knee, and a wine glass and pitcher are on the table. All of which indicate ease and comfort, and seem to say: "This is my ideal of life; I would be a recluse; give me literature and art, a 'den' like this with my dog and my wine, and let who will be a soldier and go to the wars." What was the joke Whistler intended by this picture? Alas, both Leigh and his "affectionate room-mate" are gone. Here is a picture from the man of fame, painted before he dreamed of fame, and evidently telling its story to the dear old chum, who must have understood it all and enjoyed it. The real sentiment or romance of the picture has doubtless been locked up forever in the hearts that have ceased to beat with life and throb with sweet old memories.

One cannot study this picture without discovering in it touches of the coming Whistler. The dog at his knee, looking up wistfully as if inviting a caress from its master, is worthy of this artist, or of a Landseer, at his best. The tone of the picture is admirable. The harmony of colors, browns prevailing, reveals the dawning of a fine artistic judgment; the light is well handled; the shadows are accurately cast; and the touch-and-go freedom of the picture indicate many excellences which the master would have hesitated to change even in the greatness of his artistic supremacy. With certain inevitable crudities, in which the painter



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From a water color drawing made by James McNeil Whistler

seems less mature than the draughtsman, there are mingled qualities which now seem prophetic of the power which was destined to startle and then to captivate the world of art.

The likeness of the portrait in this composition is unmistakable. The incipient moustache and goatee, of course, do not belong to a real monk. For some reason, "to point a moral or to adorn a tale," the significance of which may have been known only to Whistler and his room-mate, Leigh, the artist has assumed the robe and cowl of the monastic order. There is a very striking resemblance between this face and the etched portrait of Whistler by Rejon. If a cowl were drawn over the head of the Rejon portrait and the curled-up ends of the moustache were clipped off, these two portraits would be almost identical in likeness; the mouth, the full cheeks, the nose, the forehead, and the moustache and goatee are the same.

The very clever Mompes etchings were made after Whistler had advanced in years and had acquired that well-fed, well-wined, gross and almost clownish physiognomy which make his friend's sketches of him seem more like caricatures than real likenesses or reliable portraits. One is led to ask, Were not both Mompes and Whistler in fun when these etchings were made? Did Whistler "make faces" at Mompes and play the clown as a whimsicality? Can we imagine for a moment that Whistler put that monocle to his eye, threw his head into those self-conscious poses, and assumed those almost idiotic grimaces while believing in the dignity of art and in the superlative greatness of his own genius? These faces do not indicate that he was taking himself seriously. If he was not making a fool of himself was he trying to make a fool of the world? If so, he overshot the mark, for, looking into such "faces," the world could not care a copper for the opinion of such an actor and facial contortionist. But is it quite certain that Mompes was serious in producing these etchings of Whistler's head? Does he intend that they shall be accepted as grotesques, and as jokes on

his old friend and master? For one, clever as they are from a purely artistic standpoint, I cannot but wish these portraits had never left the portfolio of the etcher. They leave an unpleasant, uncanny feeling in the mind of one who has never before seen his idol turned into a buffoon, his master transformed into a smirking, grimacing, fool-of-a-clown. It is a relief to once more look into the plump, healthy, undissipated, boyish face of Whistler before it became distorted by the pride, egotism, insolence, and cynicism which had been created by the world's ignorant hostility and which ignored and repelled the world's sympathy. From his mother's diary we learn that "Jimmie" was a very gentlemanly boy. From the inscription on the back of this early picture we learn that he could be Leigh's "affectionate room-mate." He seemed then to understand the gentle art of making friends. But those were the happy days before Ruskin and Lord Eden made him familiar with courts, and courts treated artists like shoemakers.

What first embittered Whistler's originally sweet nature? It may have been his humiliating dismissal from West Point. When he entered government service and drew and etched maps for the United States Coast Survey, his relations with his superiors became so strained that he was virtually dismissed from the service. These two incidents may have soured him against his country. Such an artistic soul may well have been disgusted when he found himself dismissed from West Point because he could not define "silica" to the satisfaction of a professor of chemistry, although he stood at the head of his class in drawing. What was chemistry to art in the estimation of Whistler? What a fortunate thing it was for all concerned that he did not know whether "silica" was a mineral or a gas, and as a consequence was saved to Art though lost to War!

Here is a portrait of the cadet at the very time when he thought "silica" was a gas and got dismissed from West Point for his ignorance. If this portrait had been painted after his dismissal, he

would not have designated himself as "Cadet James A. Whistler." He and Leigh, it will be remembered, entered the Academy at the same time; they were room-mates; they failed in the same examination in chemistry, and were both expelled at the same time. They were not cadets after July, 1854. Hence the supposition is justified that this picture was painted,

at the latest, in Whistler's twentieth year.

Is not this the only portrait of Whistler by himself either in painting or etching? If not, then is it the *first*? If it is, certainly the fact is worthy of note, and must add interest to a picture which has been quite accidentally rescued from obscurity if not from destruction.

Two New Heine Portraits

By EDWARD STOCKTON MEYER

PROFESSOR DR. GUSTAV KARPELES, the learned and indefatigable Heine scholar, who collected in his excellent book, "Heinrich Heine: Aus seinem Leben und aus seiner Zeit," all the then known portraits of the poet, over thirty in number, has just discovered two new ones, so different and yet so characteristic, that they will be both interesting and instructive to all students of the great German lyrist and satirist. The dissimilarity between the two faces is very remarkable; at first glance it seems almost impossible that they are of one and the same man. But when we think of the even greater contrasts between Heinrich Heine, the German lyrist, and Henri Heine, the French satirist, it is not hard to believe that these new portraits are authentic and characteristic. If there still be doubt, we need only compare them with the better-known portraits of Kugler or Krauskopf, both of which come chronologically just about half way between the two new ones which represent the poet respectively at twenty-five and forty-five years of age.

The first of the new portraits is undoubtedly from the poet's young manhood, from his warm, full, voluptuous, throbbing spring of love and song. It is a face of feeling rather than of thought; it appeals rather to the heart than to the mind. Heine at this age was all feeling; to him now the emotion of the moment was the real truth of life and its artistic expression an

absolute necessity. The subjective impressions of the flying hours, so intensely absorbed, left no time for thought. All was emotion, a passionate longing for fuller, larger, perfect feeling.

The portrait is not good and yet it presents almost our ideal of a lyric poet, young, tender, strong, passionate—but full of sadness and longing. This is the German poet, the Heine of the "Buch der Lieder," the exquisite expression of youth's passionate certainty that life is nothing but love, love with its glorious rapture of possession and its fearful void of loss. It is the Heine who wrote: "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai," "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," "Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt," "Ich wollt', meine Schmerzen ergössen."

The portrait was found by a book-dealer of Berlin, Eugen Marquardt, among some old manuscripts and letters left by a certain Emilie von Waldenburg. She was a fervent and devoted admirer of Heine and collected all the documents relating to him that she could possibly get hold of. She acquired this first portrait about the time of the poet's death (1856), probably through her companion, Fräulein Elsasser, the sister of the artist who painted it. There were two painters by the name of Elsasser, both held in high esteem in Germany about the middle of the last century: Friedrich August (1810-1845), celebrated for his

landscapes; and Julius (1815-1859), of less renown, but a fairly good portraitist. The latter was an intimate friend of Fräulein von Waldenburg; it was probably he who painted the portrait for her. This supposition may be false, but whoever the artist may have been, there can be no doubt that Fräulein von Waldenburg and her friends prized the picture very highly and considered it a good likeness. Among

traitists had not yet risen above the facile art of Stieler and his school, which idealized everything. Professor Ludwig Pietsch is inclined to attribute the portrait not to Elsasser, but to the elder Tischbein, who is said to have made one of Heine, when still quite young, in Hamburg. But Tischbein's severe style is certainly not that of this painting.

In the picture itself we see much of



HEINE AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE

others who were very fond of it may be mentioned the late Dr. Georg Horn, of Potsdam, who knew Heine personally in his youth. Professor Karpeles and his friends are also of one mind and enthusiastic over the newly found portrait.

That the portrait is somewhat conventional and too much idealized speaks rather for than against its authenticity. In the early thirties, when it was painted, the best of the German por-

traitists had not yet risen above the facile art of Stieler and his school, which idealized everything. It contains all the characteristics mentioned by Knille and Wienbarg, who knew the poet at the time,—the blue eyes, the light-brown hair, the soft rather than sharp features, the fine-cut nose, the full smooth face, the round chin, and the remarkably beautiful forehead. The mouth is conventional and too voluptuous, but the same is true of most of the other portraits of Heine. A

The Critic

striking and pleasing deviation from all the other portraits is that there is here little or nothing of the satirical cynicism, which later became almost the predominant feature. The artistic but studied carelessness of the pose and attire are also very characteristic of the young Heine.

pearance than in his art, the Parisian *gourmet*—and *gourmand* too. For thirty years he has lived exiled from Germany in Paris and has changed from German poet to French cynic. He has forgotten that such things as emotion and feeling exist; now there is but one thing in life,—intellectual



HEINE TWENTY YEARS AFTER

The second picture, a lithograph, presents a very great contrast. Can this cold, deep-thoughted, reserved cynic be one and the same man with the warm, loving, sympathetic poet? There can be no doubt to those who know. Alas, this later portrait is even more characteristic than the earlier one. Here we have the Heine, who took more pride in his aristocratic ap-

acumen. Here is a man absolutely sure of his superior reason. It would be convincing if we did not know that this very man is even at this moment on the verge of that terrible "mattress-grave," whose six years' death in life proved even to him the futility of all our vaunted reason. Now he is still in full possession of his great intellectual power, but is he happy in it? Why is

the face so cold, cynical, almost embittered? Thirty years' desecration of, and consequent supposed disillusion in, all he once cherished most—life, love, religion, fatherland—are indelibly stamped upon this countenance. He has drunk so greedily the precious wine of life that now there are bitter dregs in every draught. And yet there is great fascination in the firm assurance of the features. Such was the face of the man who could fling in his outraged Maker's face,—*Dieu me pardonna, c'est son métier*,—which proved so fearfully untrue.

The lithograph itself is exceedingly well executed. It is now in the possession of the Düsseldorf banker, Karl

Simons, a grandson of Charlotte von Geldern, the favorite cousin of Heine, who probably gave it to her. A striking feature of the portrait is that the eyes are larger and wider open than the poet's really were. Heine had small, rather squinting eyes, which greatly annoyed his personal vanity. But there is no mistaking the slightly crooked nose, the arched eyebrows, and the characteristic hair. That the portrait was made near the end of his life is conclusively proved by the beard, which he did not allow to grow until just before his illness was upon him. It resembles most of all the last portrait made of him by Kietz in 1851.

Literature via The Woman's Club

By HELEN M. WINSLOW

IT is not five years since the editor of the leading club-paper of America received the following letter, dating from a small town in Kansas:

DEAR MADAM:

Will you tell me if there is, or ever was, a person by the name of Adelaide Neilson? If so, what was she, author, actress, or musician? Please reply at once, as I have to prepare a paper on the subject for our club-meeting in two weeks.

At the first reading, the editor took the letter to be an attempt on the part of some masculine enemy of women's clubs to play a joke on her, and she laid it aside to cool before depositing it in the waste-basket; for although she was brought up in the country herself, she could not conceive of the country woman, intelligent enough to belong to a woman's club at all, who would not have heard of the famous actress. But in the sleepless watches of the night came a picture of certain dismal, hopelessly common little Kansas towns of her own knowledge, so widely different from the old-fashioned country village of New England, where the women, conservative as they are, have attained to some degree of educa-

tion; and her candle of resentment towards an unknown man flickered and went out, while she meditated upon the estate of the Western sister who was just beginning to want to know.

"Is n't this the direct object of women's clubs?" she asked herself. "To awaken in the mind of the middle-aged woman of limited opportunities the desire to learn something of the great world of art and literature? How shall I pretend to write of club ideals if I refuse to lend a match wherewith to light that small taper of knowledge out in Kansas?" And so saying, as the novelist would put it, she rose and wrote the seeker after knowledge as kindly a letter as she knew how. Ridiculous as the appeal had seemed to the woman who had dwelt in the middle of literary happenings for years, it was still possible to look on the reverse side of the shield and see there the dreary Western town with no environment, no atmosphere, no books, no contact whatever with the world at large; and to recognize the call as from one crying in the wilderness for light. I use the incident to illustrate what the club movement has done, is still doing, for

women. Forty years ago the Kansas woman would not have dreamed of writing the busy literary worker of an Eastern city such a question: in fact, she would not have started on a still hunt for Neilson or any other famous person, remaining discontentedly humdrum in her prosaic surroundings. Today, distorted, crude, and misdirected as their efforts often appear, women from the country cross-roads everywhere are wrestling with some literary topic; and blind as their gropings may seem to us who think we have seen, they do reach somewhere and lead to something.

But Kansas and the West were not the only places whence came appeals from the uneducated. It is not ten years since the editor of a prominent club department in a leading Boston newspaper received a note from some club woman in the outlying suburban district, asking for the present address of Felicia Hemans, explaining that the club to which

she belonged had entertained many of the prominent literary women of Boston, and that she as the chairman of a new committee would like to find some one whose presence at literary functions would have the charm of novelty. And this letter, too, was written in good faith. And to give Boston her full share of this sort of thing, let us speak of two handsome, well-dressed women, both presidents of large and flourishing women's clubs near Boston, who, on looking over the programme of the Biennial at

Louisville in 1894, and seeing there the names of Agnes Repplier and Mary Hartwell Catherwood as speakers, said one to the other: "Who in the world are they?" "I'm sure I never heard of them before."

But before the next year had closed they were entertaining these same writers in their very best club style, and listened to one of Miss Repplier's brilliant lectures. So that not these fashionably gowned women alone, but the several hundred others who fol-

lowed their leadership, had new glimpses of modern literature and brilliant authors; while the little club in Kansas has gone far beyond the stage of encyclopedic facts about celebrities with a hazy background and now devotes its energies to a regular course of literary study. All of which makes apt the time-worn quotation about large oaks and small acorns.

We are apt to speak of the woman's club as a development of the last half of the nineteenth century, and so it

is as it exists to-day; but there was an association formed by Anne Hutchinson in 1635 for the study of those prolix and diffusive essays of the period which passed for literature and which flourished for several years, until the ever-watchful sentry at the gates of the Puritan church scented danger and the learned Anne was brought before a magistrate and convicted of teaching sedition; and there was, previous to this, the society founded by Hannah Adams in 1808, which discussed literary topics unmolested for several years; and that



"JENNIE JUNE," IN 1860



MRS. DIMIES T. S. DENISON, OF NEW YORK, PRESIDENT
OF THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS,
FORMER PRESIDENT OF SOROSIS

other one, the Boston Gleaning Circle, composed of twenty-one young unmarried ladies,—a truly Edward Bokian club—which met in solemn conclave every week to bring forth arguments on such questions as, "Which is the more conducive to improvement, the study of books or of man?" "What are the essential qualities of an agreeable life-companion?" and "Is not unaffected modesty the best guide for a female in her conversation with the other sex?" and even these are modern institutions when compared with the "Concile de Femmes," founded at Nivelles by the Abbess Hiltrude, daughter of a sovereign of Flanders in 821, which, although not strictly a club as we now use the word to-day, was an organization of women banded together for the sake of greater intellectual and spiritual freedom. And this included, as now, the love of well-doing, the desire for study, the acquisition of knowledge, and the ever-ready spirit of helpfulness,—or (that over-worked word) altruism. And yet, we admit, the modern woman's club is the out-

growth of national conditions (American, for the foreign club is usually modelled after those over here), and is the cumulative evidence of the American woman's ideals and tendencies.

A dozen years ago we were fond of calling the woman's club "The middle-aged woman's university," a rather pretentious assumption on the face of it, certainly; yet when it is remembered that as late as the early seventies a college training was impossible to women in New York and in most other places as well, and that clubs were everywhere started to fill the growing demand of wives and lonely women in city and country for "opportunity," for knowledge, for intellectual development, the phrase is excusable, particularly as it has now dropped into disuse. And since the keynote of educational advancement for women was struck by Mary Lyon, Emma Willard, and other brave ones, who dared not only to ask but to make possible the cultivation of woman's best faculties, woman with a capital W has been grasping eagerly every opportunity that came her way, and the woman's club has been in



MRS. ROBERT J. BURDETTE, OF PASADENA, CALIFORNIA,
1ST VICE-PRESIDENT, G. F. W. C.



MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

thousands of cases the open door for educational advancement. As Mrs. Croly used to put it, "Woman was for years the one isolated fact in the universe," and when the new note was struck, which meant for her liberty, breadth, and unity, it developed into the woman's club. Women are naturally gregarious. We do not like to do things alone. We prefer to take our knitting and sit together, whether that knitting be the actual wielding of steel needles compounded with yarn, or whether it be the welding together of the best ideas for the advancement of knowledge or morality. Critics have derided the institution as an outgrowth of the old-time sewing circle. It may be; only now we have advanced beyond the period of sewing on shirts for heathen who neither need nor crave shirts, and have gone to finding ways by which the heathen at home may be helped, to shirts if necessary, to food and raiment if necessary; but oftener to these things in a figurative sense,—to that mental food and intellectual raiment which shall develop the modern woman into the highest and best of which she is capable,—yea, and her children also. The acceptance of the club as a means of education and development was almost simultaneous throughout the country, and everywhere groups of women seized the idea eagerly and shaped it according to local needs and conditions, until today there are upwards of a million club women in this country. The club movement is an important phase of the great popular educational movement which has swept the country like a tidal wave, manifesting itself in Chautauquas, summer schools, university extension, and societies for home study. As one leader puts it, the woman's club is a post-graduate course for the individual, even more than in the days when we called it the middle-aged woman's college, for connected with it are many women who have had university training and who find in it a stimulus to the herculean task of keeping up with the times.

John Addington Symonds's definition of Renaissance will apply to the

term "woman's club": as an effort for which at length the time had come. It was supposed for a long time that the first clubs for women were Sorosis of New York and the New England Woman's Club; but in these later years we are learning of small organizations in Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan which came into existence at about the same time. Everywhere the purpose was the same,—to open to women the gates of opportunity, and everywhere but in New York this was done by literary study. Far be it from me to say which is entitled to the glory of priority, Sorosis or the New England Woman's Club, since this encroaches on ground where angels fear to tread; but both had connected with them some of the most prominent women of the sixties, when they dared the world with the bravery of feminine organization. Alice Cary was the first president of Sorosis, her sister Phœbe was a director, "Fanny Fern" and Emily Faithful were vice-presidents, Kate Field was its first secretary, and Ella Dietz Clymer was also on the board of management; while over in Boston Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Ednah D. Cheney, Mrs. James T. Fields, Mary A. Livermore, Abba Gould Woolson, Maria Mitchell, Abby May, Lucy Larcom, Julia R. Anagnos (Mrs. Howe's daughter), Lucy Stone, and others were prominent in the new club movement. Beyond the programme of their monthly meeting, the work of Sorosis was never literary, although from the first these programmes have been provided by members, no outside speakers being allowed. But the New England club, from the beginning, arranged for classes, which any member might join, on payment of a small fee, for the study of literature, art, and kindred topics. While Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Greenleaf Whittier, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, James Freeman Clarke, Henry James, and other distinguished men were connected with this club, it has always been strictly a woman's club, existing chiefly for the intellectual enjoyment and improvement of its members. Classes in French, German, and English

literature are led by zealous and capable members, and one enthusiastic student of Shakespeare conducts a class for the study of the great dramatist, which for several seasons has presented a portion of some play. They have read together a majority of the plays, using various commentaries and critiques, and have held several extra sessions: on the Twelfth day for reading "Twelfth Night," with the traditional accompaniment of the Twelfth cake; with "Henry V." on St. David's Day (March 1st), and "As You Like It" on May Day. Excepting the three years when she lived in Italy, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been president of this club, occupying the chair to-day, in her eighty-fifth year, with as much grace and ready wit as ever.

The fashion of having literary classes, which has obtained in the New England Woman's Club for thirty-five years, has been generally adopted by women's clubs in all the large cities, each having their regular class-work, even those most active in public or civic work, like the Denver Woman's Club of a thousand members. In studying literature the majority of these clubs have a department for modern literature and current events; and this has opened a new avenue of employment for the educated woman who knows how to apply her brains unto wisdom; for these classes must have a leader, and leaders are none too plenty, even among the ranks of new women. Of that I shall speak later.

The value of these departments of club study is of great value to the woman who dwells in great cities, inasmuch as she is apt to be overcrowded with the demands of family, church, and society. The well-educated woman keeps herself up-to-date by this meeting with other women once a week for the study of some branch of literature or of current events; for it is safe to say that fully half the women who are heads of families in cities do not read the newspapers, beyond the flaring head-lines and advertisement pages. But the value of a regular system of club study, with some definite end in view, is far greater to the dweller in

small towns. There the middle-aged woman has been woefully narrow in her views and limited in her judgments. Until the club-movement evolved regular courses of study and disseminated them throughout the country districts by means of the great organization known as the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the average woman, however filled with vague longings, knew not how to set herself to work in such fashion as to compass any sort of intellectual exercise. She knew not what to read nor how to read; if by any chance she ever encountered an outline for regular reading, she had n't the faintest idea how to get at the necessary books. To-day the club not only gives her a set of topics for study, but furnishes a list of books to be read, and often supplies the books themselves through a home or a travelling library. Of course these lists are in many cases incomplete, or else go to the other extreme and give the untrained woman heavy reading enough for one winter to last the thorough student five years, if properly digested; but even that is better than nothing. A great deal of cheap wit has been expended on the connection between the woman's club-paper and the encyclopedia; but I submit the encyclopedia as a course of reading is a better intellect-developer than the "family" story paper or the weekly county journal. It is true that some of the literary programmes in the early stages of a club studying literature are enough to give even the well-posted member intellectual dyspepsia. Take for instance this for one afternoon, in a small country club, where, presumably, none of the members are "literary": a long paper on Dante, followed by three shorter ones on the Inferno, the Purgatorio, and Paradiso; then comes another paper on Dante's new life, the exercises closing with a reading from the "Divina Commedia." Or this "Afternoon with the poets": roll-call, answered with quotations from Longfellow, Whittier, or Holmes. Then by way of variety a half-hour given to current events, when the "real thing" begins with a paper on

Longfellow, followed by a reading from the same poet, and another half-hour, during which each member present must give some item of interest about Longfellow. Then a paper about Whittier, with a reading from his works and another reading from "Life and Letters of Whittier"; after which comes another lengthy paper about Holmes, followed by two readings from the gentle autocrat. One wonders what Dr. Holmes would have said to all this! And yet, again, this is a step in the direction of culture,—rather a rambling step, to be sure.

It was to be expected that the club started by and presided over by Julia Ward Howe would take up the club study of literature intelligently from the beginning, but listen to what a woman who helped start the "Friends in Council," of Quincy, Illinois, says of her beginnings in 1873:

In those days we never mentioned any subject more modern than mediæval times, and more commonly we tarried in Egypt or ancient Greece. My first original contribution was called "Method of the Study of Mind." I remember that one member praised this very much, saying it was so good she could scarcely believe any woman wrote it. The dear old lady may well have indulged her doubts: had she been at all familiar with Maudsley's first chapter of the "Physiology of the Mind," she would have discovered a similarity too great to be accidental.

Later in the same year this same woman prepared a paper on the "Venetian School of Painting." Think of it! She says: "A person who knew nothing of art principles, who had never seen a painting, nor perhaps even an engraving of the Venetian school, with such a theme." Yet these very mistakes helped educate the women who so bravely hoisted their intellectual standard and tried to live up to it. To-day this same club is doing much truly student-like work, and some of their papers have found larger audiences through the pages of journals and magazines.

In hundreds of clubs the experience has been the same: women have begun blindly, attacking subjects too great for them, and doing superficial work,

but every year has helped the process of evolution, and the result has been that a taste for good literature is being formed throughout the States, and individuals are being developed. When the influence of Sorosis and the New England Woman's Club had extended and permeated the land there was need for a larger organization, and this was met by Mrs. Croly ("Jennie June") with her plan for the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which was at first intended to be national, but which now has in its membership clubs in London, Berlin, Honolulu, Ponce, Bombay in India, Santiago in Chili, and at least one club in Australia. As one of the requisites for membership in the General Federation of Women's Clubs is that the club must be doing some form of literary work, we find upwards of seven hundred women's clubs in that organization which are making a study of literature in some form.

But that is not all. After the General Federation had developed itself for several years, the need was felt in the various States for closer local organization; hence the State Federations, now numbering forty-two, all but three of which belong to the General Federation. These State Federations take in many clubs which have not affiliated with the national organization, there being nearly four thousand in all. And the majority of these are studying literature with more or less thoroughness. Over thirty State Federations have started "Travelling libraries," and some States have a score or more of these libraries, numbering usually about thirty volumes, going about from place to place in those districts unblest with public or circulating libraries. In short, the club women are putting good reading—for these libraries are carefully selected—into thousands of families which heretofore cared nothing for or could not obtain good literature. This work alone would make us forgive the crudeness of specific instances.

There are clubs for the study of English literature, ancient and modern, for Spanish, French, German, Italian

art, thought, and literature; clubs for the study of special authors; clubs which devote their entire time to the perusal of current literature, and furnish lists of new books which have passed muster as to workmanship, morals, and influence. And there are writers who are making a name to-day, who got their first taste for literature in the class for club study. The president of the General Federation, Mrs. Dimies T. S. Denison, of New York, writes dainty verse that is often seen in print, and the vice-president, Mrs. Robert J. Burdette (wife of the humorist), writes acceptable prose. It would scarcely be possible in the limits of this article to give the names of well-known women who have to thank the club for their first literary incentive. But these might have found expression somehow; in any case, it is the individual woman, the woman who lives quietly in her

country home to whom the club idea came as an emancipator, leading her out into the world of modern trains of thought, up into the region where it is possible to appreciate the value of a good book.

In a small Western college a certain professor about to open a new course of lectures was accosted by the president with:

"I suppose, Professor, you will begin your lectures on zoölogy by laying down the fixed laws and rules that govern that science."

"No," replied the Professor, "I shall begin with a bushel of clams."

The earlier clubs started out with the president's way; but those of to-day are more content to begin with the bushel of clams, and take a systematic course of intellectual development; anyhow, that is what they all come to, sooner or later.

The Human Sympathy of William James

[After reading "The Diversities of Religious Belief"]

No futile groping after Truth is vain
 To him. In yearnings of a paltry mind
 Some fractions of the Whole, his eye can find.
 His view is not, from philosophic plane
 To thoughts of peers restricted. There is gain
 To knowledge, so he reads, in every kind
 And throb of mental life. He sees behind
 A poor "sick soul" suggestions born of pain.
 He follows out stray threads of the divine,
 Twisted indeed into a tangled maze,
 But leading straight to a credential sign
 For one with skill to spell aright the phrase.
 That science, his. His gentle temperament
 Shows wisdom with a gracious instinct blent.

Confessions of a Literary Failure

By IT

If the recital of my literary sorrows should be the means of even one beautiful young life giving up the idea of devoting itself to the perilous paths of literature, I would feel repaid for this harrowing effort. As the followers of Mother Eddy speak of having been "in science" for a certain time, I will begin by saying that I have been in literature for about ten years and am still in it, although that fact has not been noised abroad to any considerable extent. From my earliest years I have been convinced that I could write,—the difficulty has been in convincing others. My dearest friends—how one does dislike one's dearest friends!—have always regarded my literary aspirations somewhat as an amiable weakness, or like wild oats, to be repented of and lived down later in life. I could always fancy them murmuring as I came up, "Is n't it funny, she thinks she can write!" There is a certain class of very worthy persons who regard a musical, literary, or artistic career as a sign of weakness in the upper story. They are those who, when they spend their money, like to buy a yard of something and carry it home with them. My proximity to certain members of this class is the reason my literary aspirations have been to me as a guilty secret.

I early discovered that the two most necessary requirements of a literary career were plenty of good white paper, and a liberal supply of stamps. Editors have literally to be stampeded. If you can obtain only one of these, by all means get the stamps. The question whether or not I should write over my own name bothered me for a long time. Finally I decided to face the world with no subterfuge. But time has modified my opinion. My pen-names or aliases—which is a better title for my literary crimes—are now numerous. At times I am Montmorency Cavanaugh, again I am Jane Sample Stunts, or even Aunt Dolly, and once I was the housekeeper's friend. One

of my first attempts was to send a story to a magazine of prominence (with stamps). I waited with a heart full of hope. Days grew into weeks and no acknowledgment (nor cheque) arrived. Feverishly I bought each copy of the magazine as it came out, and, not finding therein my story, came to the conclusion that it must have miscarried in the mails, and I was on the point of writing to the Postmaster-General about it when one day I received an awful shock. I picked up a paper and read that the editor of that magazine had been found dead in the river. No cause for death discovered. A horrible thought came to me: could it be—? Was it—? But no, he must have received so many, and think of what he actually printed! And then I remembered I had written him a cruel letter in which I said I had been much encouraged by reading the stories he published, and they had given me hope. I tried to forget the disaster, but I must confess that for several nights my dreams were disturbed by visions of a dead face in cold water, with a neat manuscript tightly clutched against a quiet bosom. But I soon forgot the dead editor in my troubles with living ones; and after this lapse of time and looking back with a reminiscent eye upon my checkered career I can now see that a dead editor is a very excellent thing.

Several years passed, during which I made a collection of little printed slips informing me that my work was very full of merit, but the magazine lacked space, etc. Then I made a contract with a Chicago magazine to furnish them with a series of articles on women's clubs and kindred intellectual subjects, provided my material was deemed satisfactory. I sent off my first article beautifully typed, and accompanied by a portrait of the most prominent club-woman in "our little city," and a copious supply of stamps for return. Then I waited. And I waited and waited. The suspense becoming greater than I could bear, I

finally wrote the editor and told him that while I feared he had not found my article acceptable, it was evident that my stamps had filled a long-felt want. After another heart-breaking silence I received a sad epistle in reply in which he informed me, with great regret, that the magazine had gone into the hands of a receiver shortly after my article arrived (I fancy my stamps staved it off for a time), and he was so sorry that he could not use my contributions. I wrote him as kindly a letter as I could and told him that there was a certain fitness in the failure that he could not realize, that in fact if he had not failed just at that time I would have broken my record. I further told him not to worry about me, that I had more stamps. As he had kept the article I told him to do what he pleased with it, and if he could realize anything from it he might be able to start life again. It was about this time I made the acquaintance of magazines and papers that pay on publication. In dealing with them it is always well to enclose the address of your heirs. Posterity having done very little for me, I made a list of the publications that pay on acceptance and placed it on my desk. It has cheered many a dreary hour.

Then I began to write short, playful stories on the order of the "Dolly Dialogues"—only much better—and sent several of them to a frivolous publication, which, though I will not name it, I can conscientiously say looks the part. After a long silence I received one day a postal card with much printing on the back. It took me some time to grasp and digest its meaning, but finally I gleaned from its perusal that my tales had been received and would be held—not for postage, but until the editor had made up his mind whether or not he could use them. Furthermore the postal added that they would be held at my risk and that under no consideration must I imagine that this postal card meant an acceptance. I gathered from the general tone of the affair that it might be a matter of years before the editor brought his powerful mind to bear upon my stories. I wrote

to him in reply, thanked him for the postal, which I regarded as a delicate attention and asked him, if it was not to be considered as an acceptance, what I might consider it. I then asked him what I was supposed to do while he was making up his mind, and told him that it was unnecessary to state that the stories were held at my risk. I knew that. Months passed and finally several of my stories were published (at my risk) and paid for with cheques (my risk again), and everything went smoothly for a time until a contretemps occurred which made a coolness between that editor and me which lasts to this day. In one of my little stories the word *damn* occurred three times. Now *damn* is not such an extraordinary word in good society; moreover it is wholesome Anglo-Saxon. To my horror and consternation when the story appeared wherever there should have been a "*damn*," there was "*drat*"! *Drat*! After pulling myself together I wrote the editor a letter and told him that I considered he had taken a most unpardonable liberty with my manuscript, and that in the mind of any person of intelligence *damn* was elegant and refined compared to *drat*. He replied that the word "*damn*" was never allowed to appear in his columns. I wrote again and said that a man who would use *drat* instead of "*damn*" could commit any crime, and while I believed that his magazine was full of merit and would probably appeal to writers of other tastes, I was really too busy ever to write for him again. After the correspondence was over, though "*damn*" was barred from the columns of his magazine, I have reason to believe that it was used in the office. Then I took to writing jokes for *Death*. Side-splitting jokes that would make John Kendrick Bangs, George Ade, and "Mr. Dooley" Dunne look like three shining dimes. Jokes so funny I could hardly write them on the typewriter I laughed so; and in my mind's eye could see the editor give a shout of joy upon their receipt. Indeed, I felt sure that even the printer would have to have his laugh out before he could set them up,—then they came back. It is strange

that the editor of a funny paper should be without a sense of humor.

Shortly after this I wrote a very serious article and sent it to a religious magazine. Here, I thought, I will find at last rest and peace and honesty and cash. Months went by, but I did not lose faith. Faith and works always go together, so I knew the outcome would be satisfactory. After six months of lost interest on my stamps I wrote and asked the editor whether he had received my article, and told him that, as I had not been paid for it, I took it for granted that he had not yet used my contribution. His reply, had it come on a warm summer day, would have been pleasant, it was so cool. But it came in winter, and he said he had published my article but could not remember whether I expected compensation or if I intended it as an introduction of myself to his readers; he closed with sending me his blessing. I wrote to refresh his memory and told him I could not remember anything about my article which gave it away. And I said further that an introduction to his readers would not add to my happiness nor to the gayety of nations, but I thanked him for his blessing, said I enjoyed it very much, as it was the first time I had ever been blessed by an editor, but I feared that as a medium of exchange I would not be able to do much with it. In reply he sent a cheque and returned another manuscript of mine. I fear there was something in my letter he did not like. At first I thought of having the cheque framed, but on second thought I had it cashed instead and when it returned to him I am sure it reminded him of how he had made a friend of a stranger.

Then I took to dramatizing books and writing plays. I translated a play from the French, adapted it, changed it, and placed the scene in New York. When it was finally done I heard of a man who deals in plays, so I sent it to him and asked him if he thought anything could be done. His reply informed me that he thought something could be done (but he neglected to state that I was that something), and he would endeavor to dispose of it for me.

He has done so. After a year passed I wrote and asked him what had become of my play. He replied that he had given it to an actor and the actor had never returned it, and perhaps I had better write to him. I wrote again, told him that I held him responsible, and had nothing to do with any third person; he must get it from that actor, and I wound up with a stern allusion to my lawyer. He took it very sweetly and said, What could he do? And I wrote back and said, What could I do? but it was very evident to me what he could do. We never got any farther than this, and my drama, under some other name, may now be one of the greatest successes of Broadway, or, again, it may be in a trunk held for board in some city anywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

So I started in to write original plays. At this I am a real success. One was put on by amateurs and staged by a friend who rather gave the impression to the public that unless he had taken hold of it and rewritten the piece it could not have been presented. I noticed when the night came the play appeared as it had been written. A few months afterwards I met a friend who asked me if I had n't had something to do with the play Mr. Blank put on. "Yes, a little," I said; "I wrote it."

I sent a society drama in three acts with a "strong heart interest," to two managers for their opinions. They belonged to the syndicate. One wrote me that my play was excellent, there was such a strong plot; that, if anything, the incidents were too many, and the dialogue was natural and good; but he was not looking for a play of that character just at the time. There was much comfort in the first part of this letter, for it conveyed to me the impression that all I had to do was to sit back and wait for the American stage to grow up to me. The only thing I could not understand was that he should allow so much talent to appear under some other management. Then the second letter came. This man said my play contained some good dialogue, but there was no plot and too few

incidents; that, in a word, it was too talky. He proceeded to tell how a play should be written, which kindness I much appreciated. He said what was most necessary in a play was action. "Keep 'em moving" was what he meant. Write the play first, said he, and add the dialogue afterwards, a very unimportant part of the construction. What they say does not matter; what they do, if it is only throwing chairs about, is the crux of the play. When I compared his letter with that of the other manager it made me so dizzy I was obliged to retire to my corner to think it over:—

Which shall it be, which shall it be?

I looked at John and John looked at me.

I reflected that I should probably come out of it with more satisfaction to myself if I stood by the first letter, as, not being able to write a play without a bit of dialogue here and there, I could never hope to reach the ideal of the second letter. Whenever I go to see a syndicate play which conveys intelligence of what it is about by what is said I feel that there is a mistake somewhere. It must have been produced in spite of one manager at least. Then I sent a very beautiful play to a weekly paper which offered a prize of a thousand dollars for the best play written by an American. Hope ran high; it had taken me four months to write it, and not one man, woman, or child in my drama was allowed to sit on a chair even to rest; they were doing things every moment, and they only spoke when absolutely necessary; even the amenities of life were overlooked, and they walked in without asking whether any one was at home. Wherever possible they made signs at each other. I took the combined advice of the two prominent managers. Moreover, it was absolutely up to date, and concerned only those in the ranks of society; the heroine had her appendix removed in the first act. I had spent that thousand dollars about twenty times when I read that the prize had been awarded to a young man who wrote an unspeakable play about the

disturbances occurring in the South between whites and negroes. It was n't a play that could ever be produced, because of its depravity, but it was full of action. The judges were the best "dramatic critics in the country"; they know a good play when they see it. And they have seen mine! My play returned in such good order that it might never have been opened at all, which shows how very neat were the judges. The other day when I went to see a syndicate play in which the heroine said she thought she would change all the furniture in the room and the hero helped her carry out the scheme, I knew this was art and that it was for lack of those little realistic touches that my dramas do not sell. I am now at work upon one in which the entire first act occurs in a Sixth Avenue car going rapidly uptown, and the third act ends in an ascending air-motor. Nothing is said at all. In the play-writing business I am determined to succeed!

I have a little success with weeklies, and some persons might think there was a certain fitness in that. Only recently a very prominent weekly accepted some stuff of mine, and sent a beautiful letter in which the editor said he would be pleased to consider my offerings as often as I cared to send them. It gave me a warm feeling about the heart when I thought of my friends seeing my name in that paper. And then they published it without any name signed to it at all! I reeled a little, but comforted myself with the pleasant thought that the editor printed it so with the hope that his subscribers would think he wrote it. Editors never sign their names, so I must be an editor.

Only the other day I sent a short story to a magazine that publishes a good deal of light fiction, and received a letter from its editor in which he said he liked my story and would print it, but he would have to ask me to sign the enclosed card. This being a new deal, I read the card with much interest and found it closely resembled the affairs one has to fill out to get a soldier's pension. It consisted of questions followed by blanks, somewhat like the following: Was your mother a

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white woman? . . . Did your grandfather die of writer's cramp, or just plain cramp? . . . Are you sure you can write? . . . What is your real name? . . . Did you write the story or steal it? . . . How many children have you? . . . If not, why not? . . . Who said you could write stories? . . . Is the plot of the story your own, or did you borrow it? . . . etc., etc. I considered the card very personal, but I flatter myself I answered it in a manner to rob it of half of its insinuation. I wrote

"No" in every one of the blanks and inclosed it to the editor and told him that I answered all the questions in the negative because I was n't sure of anything. Uncertainty is the result of a life devoted to "literachure."

While the writing of this long litany of sorrow has been a painful business, if it does any good I shall not regret it, and when the end comes and I look back upon a misspent life, there may be a ray of comfort to me in the thought that my literary efforts were refused by the best magazines in the country.

Certain Publishers' Views on the Present Over-Production of Fiction

By CAROLYN SHIPMAN

THE English press appears to be considering ways and means for lessening the present production of novels. The trend of thought is very fairly indicated in the following communication from London:

The question of how to check the rapid, unprofitable flow of fiction is assuming quite a controversial phase. Whether it be jealousy or not, the male novelists—at least some of them—seem inclined to blame the women writers for flooding the market. Certain it is that there are few men of any note who turn out novels at a rapid rate. Mr. Hardy, for instance, has always devoted a long period to the preparation of his novels. Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Henry James, who is an indefatigable worker, have published only at long intervals. Mr. Barrie issues a book about once in three years. Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Stanley Weyman are both deliberate in their work. On the other hand, there are cases like that of Mr. Morley Roberts, who writes at a tremendous rate and has to recuperate between whiles; but all that is not to say how long ideas have been simmering in the authors' minds. Mr. Watts-Dunton took fifteen years, according to his own statement, to brood over "Aylwin." Mr. Joseph Conrad is another deliberate worker. He has been known to burn complete stories because he was not satisfied with them.

With the journalistic instinct for seizing the poppy before the bloom is

shed, an American editor comments on the discussion thus:

THE DELUGE OF "AMERICAN" NOVELS!—The republication in this country of an item from an English newspaper calling attention to the fact that Guy Boothby has written thirty-one novels since 1894, and S. R. Crockett twenty-seven since 1893, has provoked a press discussion of our "literary deluge," with incidental essays on the real value of American fiction. One writer cries out for an instant check on production. Another points gloomily to a list of 23,000 magazine contributors. A third is cheered by the fact that our public schools—which furnish forth the American reading public—show an enrolment of 16,000,000. A fourth comes to the defence of publishers by showing that each year the trade distributes thousands of dollars "toward the support of printing plants, paper mills, binderies, delivery wagons, clerks, book-keepers, proofreaders, salesmen, artists, other employees of printing houses, and, incidentally, authors."

By some the novel is spoken of as a splendid educator—a kind of historico-geographico-sociomoral prescription, to be taken along with "bean crisps" and "Professor Strongarm's five-minute exerciser," for the all-round development of youth. The novelist has been described as fighting his way from actual persecution, through mere tolerance, to a position where his is "the single literary expression of the republican spirit." Yet by some bilious critics the writers of stories are likened to

the housekeeper who furnishes poached eggs for breakfast thirty days in the month.

"Over-production of fiction!" exclaimed a representative of one of the most conservative publishing houses in New York, "we know of no such thing. There was never a time when manuscripts were read as carefully as now, for fear a second 'David Harum'—the classical example" [with a little laugh]—"will slip through some reader's fingers. The trouble is, we can't get as much fiction as we want,—that is, good fiction,—and we are constantly on the lookout for new writers."

Certain publishers agree with this statement.

From our point of view [one writes], there is no "over-production" in the publishing market at present. There is, of course, a large production of books, and perhaps an increase in the production, but we do not necessarily call it an over-production. This production is due entirely to the natural causes of supply and demand. The reading public demands new books, and many of them. Publishers supply the demand. We should not say that there is any desire on the part of publishers in general to check the production of books. The publication, or production, of books is the business of publishers. Provided any one publisher's publications are successful, that publisher is inclined to continue a liberal policy in producing books—as many of them as can be done successfully, from the point of view of his own interest. The effect on the book market is that more books are sold, and that readers have a wider field for choice and selection. We admit that it makes the problem of book distribution more difficult for the average retail distributor. He cannot carry in stock large, or even small, quantities of all books published, and, at the same time has a wider call. On his business ability, in the face of these conditions, depends his success in meeting the requirements of his customers.

A Western publisher asserts also that there is no over-production of which he knows. "The production keeps step with the ever-increasing reading public, and publishers have no desire to see it checked."

A second Western publisher admits the fact and gives a reason for its cause:

It is our belief that the present over-production of fiction is due to the fact that the cost of issuing

a book is so small compared to the possible profits in case it is successful, and to the fact that it is a matter of chance whether or not it will succeed. In other words, the publisher issues ten novels in the hope that one will succeed, and not only pay for the loss on the other nine, but yield him a profit besides.

Naturally publishers are desirous of doing away with the evil of over-production, but we do not think it can be materially checked. The effects of over-production are felt more by the bookseller than by any one else, and his only protection is to order books which are having a vogue, rather than small quantities of each book issued.

Still another publisher admits the fact, and gives three causes: the "extraordinary popular success of a few novels, with resultant large financial returns to their authors; the wholesale advertising of fiction, which has placed the sale of most novels largely upon a speculative basis; and the lessening of the cost of books to the reader, with consequent stimulation of the reading habit."

This representative goes on to say that the only desire on the part of publishers to check the present over-production is "such as is animated by the sound judgment that the sale of novels on a stimulative basis is unhealthy and bound to produce a reaction, and by a recognition of the fact that the publisher as well as the author owes something to the elevation of literature. The effect on the market is unsteady and therefore unfavorable in the end to the best interests of the trade."

That even one publisher believes that "the publisher as well as the author owes something to the elevation of literature" is a hopeful thought for which we were hardly prepared. The question of literature has played so small a part in the production and publication of recent fiction, that it comes as a surprise to have the word mentioned. This message of cheer comes from Philadelphia.

One firm, conspicuous for its advertising, believes that advertisement is "just as effective as it was, if the advertisement is effective" (which sounds like a page from its own primer), and that if so-called "boomed" books suc-

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ceed, "they do so eventually on their own merits," that is, we should interpret, after having been red-lighted into the popular presence.

A Boston publisher says:

In our judgment, advertising is not as effective a means of distributing large quantities of books as in recent years. Certain restrictions have wisely—or unwisely—been placed upon the marketing of books at the request of the majority of the book-sellers. These restrictions, for various reasons, do not tend to encourage advertising, or to make advertising as effective a means of "booming" books as of late years.

Two other publishers hold practically the same opinion.

Excessive freak advertising by no means has the effect which it had a short time ago. "Boom" books sell but for a short period. The book that makes its way on its own merits, in the end, is the more valuable asset to publisher as well as to author.

We do not think that advertising is as effective now as it was three years ago. At that time it was possible to "stampede" the reading public in favor of a certain book by means of display advertising, but a little more discrimination is being shown now on the part of the public, and the chances are that a book that sells on its own merits has as large a success as one that is advertised.

In a masterly essay in the *Easy Chair*, Mr. Howells once gave the reasons why the increase of fiction has been so marked within recent years: because people that never read before are reading now, and fiction is the first demand. That crop exhausted, the next will be more serious literature, as the reading habit becomes established.

It may be that the semi-intelligent reader is becoming more discriminating, and therefore advertisements have less weight. Certain it is, that weather-cock, popular taste, is not to be coerced by any publisher's announcement that a successful first book has been followed by its superior. Witness "When Knighthood was in Flower." In spite of its glaring anachronisms and thinness of texture, it caught the popular fancy and was one of the great successes of the season. It was fair to suppose that "Dorothy Vernon" would

repeat the experience, especially as it was a much better piece of work historically and artistically. But no! by that time the wind was in another quarter, and the vane was pointing to "Mrs. Wiggs." After a time, new sensations are the requisite, and shrewd the publisher who knows just how many "Elizabeths in their German Gardens" and "Janice Merediths" and "Eben Holdens" the public will stand. The same condition holds in the reading world as in the theatrical, with its profusion of "Pretty Peggies" and "Sweet Kitties."

Even if the publishers did not say so, any student of psychology would know as a foregone conclusion that fiction will continue to be read. The demand is still large and "constant enough to make it well worth publishing, but only when it forms a minor part of a publisher's lists," in the opinion of one book firm.

The more serious works are always the backbone, the mainstay of a list; the fiction is purely ephemeral, and will either make or break one who issues it exclusively [writes another]. More fiction is read and will be read than works of biography, travel, etc., for the same reason that theatres draw larger audiences, as a rule, than do lecture-halls; but the demand for literature in all its branches is steadily on the increase.

If there is an over-production of fiction at the present time, and there appears to be a strong suspicion in certain minds that there is, some one must be responsible for the statement, with proof at hand. It is evident that publishers do not think so, or they would not publish. They are looking for financial benefits. Novelists do not think so—with all emphasis we can assert it—or they would not write. Readers do not think so, or they would not read.

Who does?

One class only remains after writers, publishers, and readers are disposed of. One class,—maligned, maltreated, misunderstood,—Reviewers. Not that I would go so far as to differentiate them from readers, as some cynical authors have done whose last pot-boilers or mistakes have met with

unfavorable comments at the hands of these slayers. (Was any author ever known to cavil at a favorable criticism of his book? We all love praise so much, and we all deserve it!)

One subtle publisher writes: "We think it would be wise if the newspapers and literary magazines could be checked in their constant insistence that the literary deluge is about to engulf us." Here 's the rift within the lute! "Publishers have no desire to check the over-production of fiction," continues this publisher, "but it would be wise if Reviewers could be checked!" Ay, there 's the rub!

Publishers understand the psychological value of suggestion to the reader's mind. They know full well the compelling power of repetition in the matter of favorable book-notices. Even the most intelligent of us, after having been invited by flaming billboards along the route of some daily travelled highway to "meet somebody at the Fountain" or to "use Packer's Tar Soap,"—even the most intelligent of us is liable to find its steps automatically pointed in that direction for purposes of investigation, after a sufficient length of time has elapsed for the repeated effect of the visual appeal to be felt.

A fortiori (or, more precisely, *a minori*), how much more sure is the publisher's hold on the less intelligent mind, by means of statements as to the brilliancy of new novels,—minds easily swayed by legends on bill-boards and favorable newspaper notices. By the same token, these are minds influenced by adverse criticism, whose owners, through lack of individual opinion, follow the leader with the imitiveness of children, because they are children mentally.

There are certain optimistic reviewers in New York whose opinion, from the point of view of true literary criticism, is not worth the paper upon which it is written, because it is not criticism. It is a milk-and-water statement of one side only of the question, without the judicial balancing of good against bad points, without which no criticism can have any real value. Yet these re-

viewers have a large following of semi-intelligent readers, whose knowledge of fiction is confined to novels like "Ben Hur" and "David Harum," and whose acquaintance with life is correspondingly comprehensive. They are much sought for, and widely quoted by grateful publishers, who can always depend on their sweet spirit for a cheerful word. It is not this type of critic that the publishers would check. Nay, rather!

This is a vaudeville age. It is evident in fiction and on the stage, at present to so large an extent a reflection not of life but of books. The theatrical public is opening its eyes gradually—very gradually—to the knowledge that it has been cheated; but the present condition of the American stage was brought about originally by the demand of the American public to be amused by new sensations. Not acting, but special actors, gorgeous scenery and clothes, marvellous theatrical surprises, miracles in stage lighting, the setting and not the jewel,—these were what the public craved. It got them. And most dramatic critics, from "business policy," helped the people to a knowledge of what managers thought it best for them to see, by adroitly worded reviews emphasizing the wonderful spectacular effects.

In the same manner, novelists have written and publishers have produced vaudeville literature. One popular success has been followed by a dozen books of the same nature, frank imitations, often made to the publisher's order. Novices, that never before ventured a hand at fiction, have plunged daringly into historical novels, after having read a book or two on the period which they described. The spectacle was there, the stage setting in all its details, but not the living characters, the actors. Yet the public read, the publishers noted, and the books increased.

The whole situation has been succinctly expressed in one sentence by the head of a prominent publishing house in New York: "The evil lies less in the over-production of fiction than in the under-production of good fiction."

The Merediths and Hardys and Bret Hartes and Henry Jameses of literature are either not writing, or are producing pot-boilers or filling "orders," with the quality of which editors cannot well cavil, when the contract calls for a novel over the signature of a particular well-known author. And when editors assure us that "our old authors are producing just as good work as ever,"

if we have any memory of better days, we are forced to believe either that they "lie in their throats" for strictly business purposes, or that their critical senses have become dulled by too much mediocrity.

If the Reviewer is able in even the slightest degree to check the sale of worthless fiction, long may he flourish!

A Group of Important Books

Reviewed by Various Hands

PROFESSOR SHALER'S DRAMA

A FIVE-volume dramatic romance on Queen Elizabeth * sounds somewhat formidable and the history of its genesis does not augur well for its inspiration. The geologist deliberately undertook to refute the assertions of Darwin and others that the labor of scientific inquiry kills a taste for literature, and that the spirit of research is antagonistic to the genius of literary expression. Believing that dramatic and scientific imagination are essentially the same in kind, Professor Shaler, after forty years' work in his own field, determined to attempt to reproduce a phase of the past in words. He chose Queen Elizabeth as a subject of his projected work, and now publishes the result of his experiment. The use of metre was adopted because it proved an easier medium than prose in dealing with the period and its actors. "The Coronation," "The Rival Queens," "Armada Days," "The Death of Essex," and "The Passing of the Queen," are the descriptive titles of the five parts which fitly describe their tenor. The fact that one can read through from beginning to end eight hundred pages of blank verse is eloquent in itself, and shows that the experiment was not a failure. The interest is held not by the beauty of the poetry, but because the author's imagination is really dramatic and because he can draw a

situation with a picturesque touch. The characters are definite and clear-cut, the scenes are peopled. As to the verse, it is not inspired, but it is always fair, the language is vigorous, often racy, and at times rises to a high level. The use of words shows an evident saturation in Elizabethan literature on the author's part, so that the terms fit each other and are not introduced inaptly here and there.

It is true that exact chronology is ignored. The news of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew reaches London on the following day, Leicester is in the Netherlands in 1572, and other events or incidents of fifteen years apart are tossed lightly into conjunction with an unhistoric sense, but at the same time with a dramatic feeling evincing a marked power of picturesque delineation.

"The Death of Essex" is perhaps the most forcible of the parts, but in "The Passing of the Queen" a very exquisite touch is manifestly fine enough to compensate to a degree for the lack of humor in other parts where it might be effective. There is a charming sympathy with the sovereign, no longer at the acme of her power. Elizabeth's attitude towards the old age which she hates, her disappointment at the failure of youthful dreams, the coldness of the younger generation, the loneliness, inaction, and occasional bursts of energy of the old Queen,—all are presented with a true dramatic power of reproduction, which shows

* "Elizabeth of England." A dramatic romance in five parts. By N. S. Shaler. Houghton, Mifflin. \$10.00.

that our geologist is able to read human stories as well as those told by stones.

In these scenes of despondency, the interviews between the Queen and an unnamed Player are very delicately drawn. The spirit of Shakespeare's philosophy is suggested without actual use of his words—and one of Elizabeth's answers to Bacon and to him is striking:

Go to my sage.

The poet's wisdom 's fitter for my ken;
For it doth spare the proof, asks but the ay
From soul that knew before instruction came,
And finds the answer ancient, good and true
As I do this, so aptly left half said
In parable from sky. (*To Player*) My man, my man,
Thou art a mighty one who thus can slay
Thy sovereign's dearest hope with thy keen stroke,
Yet leave thyself the dearer to her heart.

SECRETARY LONG'S AMERICAN NAVY

A very readable book.* Discursive, anecdotal, reminiscent, and historical, and with that touch of genial humor for which the author is so well known, we have, in the story of the rise and gradual development of the new navy, a very interesting and instructive fragment of naval history.

Beginning with the initiatory steps taken by Secretary of the Navy Hunt, 1881, the author accords to each successive Secretary due credit for adding his quota to the work of reconstruction.

It is to the portions devoted to the Spanish War that the reader will turn with most interest.

The author is under a total misapprehension, however, in regard to the episode connected with "the now famous dispatch" to Admiral Dewey (vol. i., page 182). That dispatch did not originate in the Bureau of Navigation, as stated in the text, nor did it precede the dispatch from Dewey about the Governor of Hong-Kong. On the contrary, it was a direct consequence of that dispatch. This is a very material point, and historically a very important one. The dispatch itself was dictated by the President and taken down by Captain—not Rear-Admiral

—Crowninshield, acting for the time, not as author, but as amanuensis. There were two or more members of the Cabinet with the President at the time. The author did not arrive at the White House until after the meeting had broken up. The entire passage should be recast in any future edition of the book.

The account of the Battle of Manila is very good. That of the Battle of Santiago is also very good; and the sole and entire credit for the victory is given to the Commander-in-chief, where it properly belongs. The author, as the head of the Navy at the time of the war, does not hold himself guiltless of the unfortunate controversy which grew out of the battle of Santiago. He candidly admits that "it is, undoubtedly, a fair criticism on the Department that Schley was not relieved at once (for his retrograde movement) and an inquiry ordered" (vol. i., page 276). "But," . . . (and again, vol. ii., page 45), "the Department had treated him (Admiral Schley) with a leniency that, with an earlier knowledge of the retrograde movement, would have been inexcusable." *Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*

The not uncommon error is fallen into of confounding "rank" with "title." Thus all chiefs of bureaus are improperly styled Rear-Admirals. This is contrary to law. Congress gave them the *rank* of rear-admiral to secure for them the pay and relative standing of the equivalent rank in the army; but purposely withheld the title.

The book is well illustrated; but some of the fancy sketches might be omitted to advantage. With these exceptions of more or less importance the book may be considered as a valuable contribution to the literature of the naval profession.

TREVELYAN'S AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Rarely is a subject not akin to the author treated with such singular sympathy as the American Revolution*

* "The New American Navy." By John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, 1897-1902. Illustrated with drawings by Henry Reuterdaahl, and with photographs. 2 vols. The Outlook Co. \$5.00.

* "The American Revolution." Part II. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. 2 vols. \$5.00. Longmans.

receives at the hands of Sir George Trevelyan. When it is added that further characteristics of his work are delicate and discriminating humor, evidences of wide reading, and a facile style whose aptly turned phrases are a delight in themselves, it is easy to infer that this new history on a trite theme is readable. In these days of made-up books the slow growth of this work is striking. Over twenty years elapsed between the publication of Trevelyan's "Early Life of Fox" and its continuation as the story of the greatest national crisis of the hero's time. In commenting upon the first two volumes issued under the title of "Part I. of the History of the American Revolution" (1900) some critics held that Trevelyan showed a lack of sense of proportion in changing the name, and that, in his sketch of events between 1766 and 1776, Fox predominates too much to justify the new title. In Part II., which now is before us, Fox has, however, almost no part. The prelude has been played out in England, the sequel is carried on in America. Still, in a way, the trail of the biographer rather than that of the historian is followed. Individuals stand out in bold relief against the solid background of the narrative. Trevelyan has a decided gift for characterization. How deliciously clever are some of his outlines when a single adjective is so perfectly aimed that it hits off a whole bundle of attributes at one blow!

In his use of contemporary authorities, both great and humble, our author shows tireless industry, and he has brought together a valuable collection of new and fresh matter. Taking Moses Coit Tyler as a guide, he has pushed his way into many remote corners of American literature to spell out for himself the signs of the times. The period covered is brief,—from the battle of Lexington to that of Princeton. Very brilliant and vivid are the pictures of military events, especially that of the battle of Trenton. There is a constant, close comparison to European campaigns, both earlier and later, which adds a marked freshness to details over familiar to Americans. Still, in spite

of the novelty afforded by Trevelyan's individual treatment, the pace is snail-like, and well-known ground could have been covered more quickly without real loss to the patient reader—and with gain to the impatient. For, in the main, the value of the book lies in the author's point of view.

He is by no means an impartial historian. His partiality is pronounced and it is all in favor of the Americans, or rather with the Englishmen in the trans-Atlantic colonies. His real thesis is that the whole revolution was essentially English, one of several phases of the civil contests wherein Charles lost his head and James his throne. Moreover, he covers England with his searchlight and decides that public opinion throughout England was entirely with the rebels. This part of his work is the most original and at the same time most open to criticism. He finds nothing but good on the American side. That George III. was alone in his opinion, unsupported in his course save by Samuel Johnson and a very few others during seven long years, is hard to accept even if one does not agree with one of our author's critics in rating revolutions as so objectionable in their very nature that Trevelyan wastes time and reputation in glossing over the evil spirit of '76.

MR. WILFRID MEYNELL'S "DISRAELI"

This is a delightful book,* one, indeed, which can be heartily commended to those who like a delightful book *per se*. But it is not a biography of Benjamin Disraeli, not even an "unconventional" one. "The Man of Mystery," Mr. Gladstone used to call Disraeli, and a mysterious man he remains after perusing this book. The riddle stays unsolved. Is this the fault of his biographers, whom during his lifetime he branded as "infamous libellers," or is it the fault of the man? At any rate, Mr. Meynell's latest attempt cannot be termed a libel. It is extremely sympathetic in spirit and wages bitter war on all of "Dizzy's" detractors.

* "Benjamin Disraeli: An Unconventional Biography." By Wilfrid Meynell. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co. \$3.00.

But, indeed, a greater contrast could hardly be conceived than Morley's "Life of Gladstone"—grave, almost stern, scholarly, and devoid of humor—and this present book—so deliciously gossipy, breezy, amusing, as great a contrast, in fact, as between Gladstone and Disraeli themselves.

To be sure, there are subdivisions to the book. There is a sort of account of some of the phases and events in Disraeli's life; there is another, grandiloquently labelled, "His Letters, Books, and Public Life," and so on. But that is merely a blind. Mr. Meynell simply shakes up his bagful of anecdotes and good stories about his late chief, and lets fall a heap of them into this division and another lot into that, quite fairly and indiscriminately. There is no such thing as a dully serious, rational, consecutive account of Disraeli's life, either public or private, in it. No. The keynote to the whole book is struck by the author himself in his unconventional dedication to Mr. Blunt—as unconventional as what follows—when he likens his work to a bunch of primroses. Let us pluck some of them. That will give us the essence of all. Picking them at random, here are a few of Lord Beaconsfield's wise, shrewd, cynical, sarcastic, witty, impromptu saws:

"There are many dismal things in middle life, and a dinner of only men is among them." Middle life he had dreaded worse than death. "Turtle makes all men brothers." The epicurean note crops out quite frequently with him. After standing a tiresome dinner bore, to his hostess: "I have been really amused and *rested*." "There are two powers at which men should never grumble—the weather and their wives." "How delightful it is to have an empty head!" Here he did not speak from personal experience. To a tyro in politics: "Be amusing. Never tell unkind stories, above all, never tell long ones. You cannot say too many nice things." He always made it a point to cater to the growing generation, this leader of Young England; hence: "Some people, judging young men, do not dis-

tinguish between what is shallow and what is callow." To young Parliamentarians: "Never explain!" Of Palmerston and his relation to the Queen he said: "He reminds me of a favorite footman on easy terms with his mistress." Of his great rival, Gladstone, he said in this connection: "He always treats the Queen like a public department; I treat her like a woman." "When I meet a man whose name I have utterly forgotten I say: 'And how is the old complaint?'" The book, by the way, makes it clear that it really was *Beaconsfield* originally, but that both the new lord and his lady would have it *Beaconsfield* and insisted on its being pronounced so. *Beaconsfield* it had been in allusion to the many beeches.

When he goes to dine in London with the Bulwers, he writes he went "to meet some truffles—very agreeable company." Mrs. Wheeler (Mrs. Bulwer's mother) was there, "something between Jeremy Bentham and Meg Merrilies—very clever, but *awfully* revolutionary. She poured forth all her Systems." Of the British "mushroom" aristocracy he said: "Their table-talk is stable-talk." Asked if he had read "Daniel Deronda," he retorted: "When I want to read a novel, I write one." After his transfer to the House of Lords: "Well, I feel that I am dead, but in the Elysian Fields." "We live by admiration." On first attaining the premiership: "Yes, I have climbed to the top of the greasy pole." About "Joe" Chamberlain: "He wears his eyeglass like a gentleman." "There are fools and there are d—fools." About the difference between a misfortune and a calamity: "Well, if Gladstone fell into the Thames, that would be a misfortune; and if anybody pulled him out, that, I suppose, would be a calamity." And to Gladstone himself, during a House debate: "I never doubted your sincerity, only your ability." According to him, the most desirable life is "A continual grand procession from manhood to the tomb."

Most readable, highly entertaining, it all is. But is it not just possible

that this defeats the very end his late secretary, Mr. Meynell, had in view—if he did have that in view—namely, to give the world a “biography” of a statesman who, with all due allowance for flippancy and unbridled love of punning, witticisms, and smart sayings, was indubitably a great man, a man who largely moulded the British generation of to-day? However, that is a question by itself.

AUGUST FOURNIER'S NAPOLEON

A man years ago attained to some literary eminence by writing a book proving peradventure that there never was such a man as Napoleon the First. What is really true is that there has been so much conventional Napoleon, so much of a Napoleonic legend, accepted by one generation as gospel truth and rejected by the next as balderdash, that the world at large actually stands in need of an unvarnished, impartial biography of the great Corsican. And that this translation* of Prof. August Fournier's original German version at last gives. For this book is history, the genuine article. It gives us the essential facts in the life and adventures of Bonaparte, gathered from the most varied and most reliable sources, from first to last. It explains and illuminates these facts intelligently; it is impartial, but not neutral, inasmuch as it both praises and blames where either seems necessary. It is as free from depreciation as from exaggeration. In a word, it shows us the man as he really was, not as he appeared to his contemporaries, nor as he himself wanted the world to see him, but as from the sober after-time testimony of eye and ear witnesses, and from his own unguarded letters and

from a wealth of other documentary proof he at last emerges into the clear light of history. The book does all that tersely, often vividly, and dramatically.

The author, August Fournier, was professor of history at the University of Prague when he wrote this book. He has since become a political leader of some note on the Liberal side in the Austrian Reichsrath, and resides in Vienna. This present translation gives in one single, compact volume, well-bound, on good paper and in clear type, what by competent judges is deemed, on the whole, the best Napoleonic biography extant. This is a large claim, in view of the enormous literature on the subject, much of it brilliant, written in every modern tongue. But the facts seem to bear it out. Professor Bourne, the editor of this English version, despite his natural bias in favor of recent American historical research in the same field, is constrained to say that even after the appearance of the *Lives of Napoleon* by Professor Sloane and J. H. Rose, “it may be affirmed confidently and without invidiousness that its [*i. e.*, Fournier's biography] positive merits are not less great than formerly.” He also points out, as one of its strongest features, “its broad historical spirit and impartiality of judgment,” features which for the serious student are of the very first importance. In addition to all this, there is an admirable bibliography of works on Napoleon and a very full index accompanying the translation. So admirably fair and correct has been the author's presentation that Professor Bourne, despite painstaking editorship of a work which belongs to his own domain of history, has not needed to traverse its contentions anywhere. In a word, this book is both serviceable and admirable in every sense.

*“*Napoleon the First. A Biography.*” By August Fournier. Translated by Margaret B. Corwin and A. D. Bissell. Edited by Prof. E. G. Bourne, of Yale University. Henry Holt & Co.

THE MASQUE OF HOURS

BY RIDGELY TORRENCE

THE MOST HIGH VOICE:

*Time, who behind the high, dark hedge of space there lurkest,
Whispering years that grow ever white as the north,
I am thy lord. Show me the thing thou workest.
Come forth!*

TIME:

*Lord, I have labored and breathed
On the world that Thou gavest me;
My word is a blade unsheathed,
And Death and Life are two seas
With whose waters Thou lavest me.
I dream, and upon her sweet knees
Beauty comes unto the dust.
I look, and she flushes anew;
I commanded,—holding Thy trust,
And appointed a season for dew,
And the places of shade.
And again I took Love and the sun
In my hands and a singing was made,
And the song was called Life, with Pain for its utmost chord.
Yet not I—Thou art the one,
And before Thy face, Lord,
I am cold and afraid.*

THE VOICE:

*Thou art wise, yet hast not wrought these things alone.
Concerning thy children, thy helpers, be not mute.
Thou art a field that I have sown,
Show me thy fruit.*

TIME:

*Now, Breath of my Dream, upon no faltering wing
Go forth from my bosom, thy prison:
Rise, and, being arisen,
Sing!*

DAWN:

*Loose me, and let me come like snow.
There are three marvels I can show,
Three things that men shall ponder long:
Music where no sound seemed to pass,
Spring where the soul of Winter was,
Silence where hidden thunders throng.
My upper sweet is a star's breath,
My lower glory laughs at Death,
And all my wonder is a song.*

The Masque of Hours

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THE MORNING HOURS:

*Through no horizon's restless bound
We watch that mystery, the ground,
How the bright spirit of Godhood grows
From the long passioning of the mould.
With awe renewed we watch the old
Transfiguration of the rose,
The humble witness of the weeds,
The resurrection of the seeds;
And a flower comes, and a flower goes.*

NOON:

*Look, and draw near to me. Behold
How I can be both sweet and gold,
How my breast's whiteness is the land,
And the sea's smile is mine eye's blue.
It is my mouth that makes for you
Summer, and it is my hand
Shows through the snow the first-born bud.
The fury of my sudden blood
Sifts out the souls of men like sand.*

THE EARLY AFTERNOON HOURS:

*Like to the first lull after wine
Are we, or like a lifting vine
When it has given half its grapes.
Light is our gold and our alloy,
And day to us is like men's joy,
For some abides and much escapes.
Our sleep is brief as a child's tear,
And, waking, we still see and hear
The sound of toiling and the shapes.*

THE LATE AFTERNOON HOURS:

*Out of all languors of dead veins,
Out of the softness of old rains,
Time's loom has woven wings for us
Wherewith we stir not from our rest
Till all the world comes in the west
And without sound it sings for us.
Then are the vanished heard to sigh,
And in the garden-colored sky
A homing wing is murmurous.*

TWILIGHT:

*Beyond the dim air's uttermost deep,
Upon the outer walls of sleep
My dwelling and my dreaming is.
The wonder of me is my peace;
The pity is, my sigh's release,
—But no man's mind may compass this.
Dew heals my heart of any drouth,
And on my brow and on my mouth
Both Light and Shadow lay a kiss.*

The Critic

THE EVENING HOURS:

*White heights whose sweetness makes them blue,
Great blues the moon makes white of hue,
A ripe star gathered like a sheaf—
These are the signs with which we veil
Sorrow, and with these banners hail
Sleep; and the wisdom of all grief
Comes thus within an eyelid's ken.
So from the shoulders of all men
The sky is lifted like a leaf.*

MIDNIGHT:

*Look, for I have no eyes to see!
Listen! For now there seemed to be
Some world that fell across the sky.
Where are the lights that filled the void?
Where is the bloom some breath destroyed?
Within what deeps are those who die?
Only from out the empty place
For ever comes before my face
A wind, a blindness, and a cry.*

THE HOURS OF DEEPEST NIGHT:

*Mourners, and all who fly afraid
In the grey, soundless hollow of shade
Where the first sleep is all too late,
Come to our well without a shore
From which we draw up dew to pour
Upon the lives that we await.
But still above our agate jars
The weary shuttles of the stars
Toil at the weaving that is Fate.*

The Evolution of Modern Japanese Literature

By YONE NOGUCHI

CHANGE after change, evolution extraordinary in its rapidity, are the pages of Japanese history. And there could be no more sudden change in taste than that displayed in the literature of Japan, since the restoration (1867), especially during the last fifteen years.

"Seiyo Jizo" ("Affairs of Western Countries") by Fukuzawa—the greatest educator of Japan, the late head of "Keiogijiku"—and Nakamura's translation of Smiles's "Self-Help," or Mill's

"Liberty," were the harbingers of the modern literature. Kant and Herbert Spencer were known before any English grammar was introduced. The first English novel ever translated in Japan was Lord Lytton's "Ernest Maltravers." Dumas, Cervantes, Jules Verne, Telemaque, and "Robinson Crusoe" (and Rider Haggard also through his "King Solomon's Mine"), began to be familiar to the Japanese. It was in the days when even a bare knowledge of Wilson's First Reader

was a sure passport to a government office. It would be better if you could understand Quackenbos's "American History." The students carried a "Western-Sea" book through the streets with a supreme air. People turned their heads oftenest toward America, wishing to be told something about their blue-eyed "brethren" and their idea. Nansui Sudo appeared with his "Ladies of New Style" in 1887. The book was a sheer absurdity. It was a wild exposition of Western progress. It inspired a revolution among Japanese ladyhood. The heroine was in the van of the progressive movement. She taught that labor was sacred. She became a dairymaid. (How new it was if you consider that we did n't use milk in those days!) Her favorite reading was Spencer's "Education." And the other character was an adherent of Arai Pasha, who, after his leader's defeat by General Wolseley, was banished from Egypt, and took service with a Japanese gentleman. In the book there was a balloon ascent and a dynamite explosion. It would be plain in what direction the Japanese intellectual taste of those days was aspiring when such a book met with a mighty reception. It was followed by "Local Self-Government." The author's free quoting from Gladstone or O'Connell made him look quite a Western scholar to the masses. He never did anything of high merit. However, he was able to make a profuse expenditure of ornate diction, since he was a student of Chinese literature. Alas! He is totally forgotten to-day. The public taste has greatly changed, extensively advancing. Nansui is continuing his career, but as a serial writer for some third-rate newspaper like *Hochi* or *Miyako*.

It was about this time that Fumio Yano published his "Keikoku Bidan" (a novel from Theban life, with Epaminondas for the hero), the royalty from which paid him the whole expense for his foreign trip. When he brought out "Ukishiro Monogatari," a rather juvenile adventurous story, a Japanese edition of Jules Verne, he failed to catch popularity.

There is no question that Professor Yuzo Tsubouchi is the dean of the modern Japanese literature. He is enriching his reputation yearly. He came out with "Shosetsu Shinzui" ("Spirit of Fiction") in 1886, when he was still a student at the Imperial University. He utterly denounced the artificial morality of the Bakin school (Bakin the great novelist, 1767-1848). His "Shosei Katagi" ("Types of Students"), 1887, was a sweeping triumph. It was an example of a realistic novel with little plot or dramatic incident, but made up of graphic sketches which successfully carried out the Western idea of characterization. Its clever fellow and beautiful girl—"saishi" and "kajin," as we say in Japanese—won the perfect confidence of the young readers. He attempted to revolutionize playwriting with his "Makino Kata" in 1897, and the "Kiri Hitoha" in 1898. They failed as acting plays. He denounced the low order of the literary taste of the public and their slowness in accepting the Western idea. He started the *Waseda Bungaku*, a monthly review of literature and life. When he stopped its publication, five years ago, he turned to being an educator with his whole might. He is a tireless promoter of English literature. He is editing the "World's Literature," published by Fuzanbo, ten volumes of which are already out, with "Paradise Lost" as its first number.

Taketaro Yamada was his rival for a few years since 1887. His "Natsu Kodachi" ("Summer Forest") met a flattering reception. It is a series of short stories, a Japanese version of the story of "Appius and Virginia" being among them. His magazine, *Miyakono Hana* ("Flowers of the Metropolis"), which has now been dead some thirteen years, was a literary event. He was the originator of colloquial literature—there was nothing more despised in those days than colloquialism—and also the originator of "New-Styled Poem," lengthened from the usual thirty-one-syllabled *Uta* or sixteen-syllabled *Hokku*. He was a genius, doubtless, whose early bud, alas! was killed by a sudden success. He was a

glory which immediately withered like a cherry-blossom. There could be nothing sadder than to see him to-day writing melodramatic trash.

The years between 1891 and 1896 may be rightly called the period of the revival of the Genroku literature. It was in the Genroku era under the Feudalism, two hundred years ago, that the knights, wearing a long sword, doubtless rusty within its sheath, lazily roamed beneath the flowers, and all the civilians drank of prosperity and love. The literature was the life of that time. Now the people were growing a bit tired of the Western adapters, who could not give sufficient promise of future achievement. How could they? They themselves did not grasp the real meaning of English literature. The public were looking for some sort of reaction. They began to take up their own kimonos again, leaving the badly fitting trousers behind. Saikaku Ibara—the foremost of the Genroku writers—was suddenly resurrected from the darkness of oblivion. It is said that Saikaku was brought to life by Roban Koda, who picked out his books one day from a waste-basket of a certain second-hand shop in "Kanda," the Latin Quarter of Tokio. The young literary aspirants gathered around Roban, and also Koyo Ozaki,—another devotee of Saikaku,—to study the Genroku literature. They built a shrine to the delightfully wanton Saikaku. Koyo Ozaki established the Kenyusha, a literary club, and once published its magazine. He promulgated his own method of conception and school of style. His work was founded on the Western idea at bottom; however, his phraseology was something of a reflection of the Genroku literature. Book after book by him was successful. He is regarded to-day as the most voluminous writer, and also the greatest. His last great publication was "Tajo Takon" ("Much Passion, Much Enmity"), a study of sentiment. It might be called a clean edition of Émile Zola.

It is to be eternally regretted that Roban Koda is not much acquainted with Western literature. But the world is round. East and West are different

names. The best essence of the Eastern literature could meet with the best spirit of the Western letters upon equal terms. English scholars would not object to accepting his genius. He is a profound Buddhist scholar as well as a Chinese scholar. He has an imagination, aim lofty, and language splendid. He has received nothing but admiration from the critics. But that is not a guarantee for a big figure of returns. He is the solitary figure in modern literature,—with the exception of Ogai Mori, who is an eminent German scholar.

Up to 1895, novel-writing was not looked upon as a respectable profession. The public would not permit it to be called gentleman's work. It was regarded as an unpardonable diversion of unworthy prodigies. The authors were accused of being a demoralizing influence. However, the fault may be with them, since they indulged, often provokingly, in the depiction of the lower class of women. The geisha was their favorite heroine. I am told that Ogai Mori was often warned by his Surgeon-General (Ogai was a higher army doctor) that he would shorten his dignity by his novel-publication. There is no place like the Japanese army where even an ill-fitting dignity is necessary. Once for some years Ogai stopped writing, seeing himself in danger of losing his place. What a prejudice! But happily such a thing could not happen to-day when the invasion of Western thought has cleared it off. Authors have come to command respect. They could not make a living by writing only twenty years ago, but to-day they are on the fair road to prosperity, the public demand for literature of any sort having tremendously increased. They will put a price on their writing, counting the pages, if not the words, like Americans. Nearly all the young students turned to writers at once. Hence the overflow of novels in 1899 and 1900! Not one in a hundred had literary merit—too often, alas! they verged on the coarse and the scandalous. The books were hardly pictures of human life. What could those young writers' tender

brains know? The gentleman above thirty-five would not bestow even a glance upon their work. "Where is the human interest?" he would sternly demand. Our Japanese woman rarely reads. The books circulate only among the students, who are glad to be imbecile. They lost the public respect at once, which they had gained after the hardest battle. You will see no more of literary events to-day. Commercialism has destroyed everything. And the well-established authors, like Tsubouchi, Koyo, or Roban, did not come to the rescue in the crisis. For the last three years the public are denouncing the modern novel. So it is in America, is n't it? Japan is also floating up and down on the world's current.

The literary newspapers have been growing in power for the last ten years. Soho Tokutomi is the most prominent figure in the field, whose artistic writing, sensible conception, and frequently witty reporting are nothing but the best literature. Minoru Kuga, of the *Nippon* (a newspaper), is not without honor; his rigid style has been a tonic for the younger minds. Now the intellectual Japanese are welcoming the newspapers with a greater respect than they ever showed before, permanently forsaking the feeble specula-

tions of novels. And the students of serious bent are turning to scientific study, to real experiment, to practical works. Their eyes are set upon the spheres of social philosophy, psychical analysis, and exact evidence. There has been no time in the past thirty-six years when there was exhibited such a serious thirst for Western intellectual books.

And the public discovered only a year or so ago that the reading of Western novels was the very way to feed their minds spiritually. They are ready to admit their immeasurable superiority to the native writing. Their translation has astonishingly increased with the downfall of the native authors. Some fifty books were translated in last year, the younger Dumas's "Camille," Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," Alphonse Daudet's "Nabob," George Eliot's "Romola," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and Maeterlinck's plays being among them.

And the philosophical mind has taken up Emerson. A few translations of his works have already appeared. And the *Student*, a semi-monthly publication for the study of the English language and literature, issued its Carlyle number last September, and indirectly denounced the present condition of Japan.

"Personalialia": A Volume of Anecdotes and Reminiscences

By JEANNETTE L. GILDER

THE title, "Personalialia," describes the scope and aim of this book.* The author does not give his name, he merely calls himself "Sigma." It is English personalialia entirely, beginning with the early days of Harrow and coming down to the present. The author must be a man of ripe years at the present writing, for many of the men that he knew belonged to a gen-

eration that has long since passed away.

The book is not only full of interesting reminiscences, but it is also full of entertaining anecdote. Perhaps the fact that the author writes over a pen name is the reason why he is so frank, but he certainly does not hesitate to give his opinion of the men whom he has known, even of those who are living to-day.

The only way to notice this book

* "Personalialia." By "Sigma." Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

satisfactorily—that is, to the satisfaction of the reader of the review—is to quote all the anecdotes that are worth quoting where there are so many, but it will not be hard to give a very good idea of the entertainment that lies before the reader of the book itself. The book is divided into chapters, which cover lawyers, clergymen, writers, etc., etc. In the chapter on lawyers the author tells a capital story apropos of witnesses and counsel. A counsel had been cross-examining a witness for some time with very little effect and had sorely taxed the patience of the judge, the jury, and every one in court. At last the judge intervened with an imperative hint to the learned gentleman to conclude his cross-examination. The counsel, who received this judicial intimation with a very bad grace, before telling the witness to stand down, accosted him with the parting sarcasm: "Ah, you 're a clever fellow, a very clever fellow! We can all see that!" The witness, bending over from the box, quietly retorted: "I would return the compliment if I were not on oath!"

More than one friend of "Sigma" belonged to Ruskin's famous gang of undergraduate "diggers" on the Hincksey road, near Oxford, and one of the professor's mementos at Brantwood was the spade used by Arnold Toynbee, who was among the earliest and most ardent of the "diggers." "Sigma" quotes a letter from Ruskin to one of his "digger" disciples, which has never before been published:

DENMARK HILL, Feb. 8. 1866.

MY DEAR SIR—I am heartily obliged by your letter and particularly glad that you like that piece about human nature. I shall speak more and more strongly as I can get a hearing—every word of truth spoken to the English public at present is answered by a stone flung at you, and I can't take a cartload all at once. So Mrs. — is a friend of yours. She is a fine creature, but when women reach a certain age their heads get as hard as cocoanuts—and it's lucky if the milk inside is n't sour, which it is not yet with her. Where did you find that saying of the lawyers about honesty? It would be useful to me.

Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

"Sigma" thinks that the most vivid likeness of Mr. Ruskin at this period is the bust by Sir Edgar Boehm, which he remembers seeing at the studio when the sculptor drew his attention to the marked contrast between the two sides of Ruskin's face; one, as the sculptor put it, "being essentially intellectual and the other having many of the characteristics of an ape!"

In the chapter on "Art and Letters" "Sigma" has much to say of Mr. Swinburne, of whom he tells many anecdotes. It is said that before he went to Putney, where he now lives with Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, the poet lived at the British Hotel in Cockspur Street. Although he walked a great deal in the country, he never walked in the town, and always took a cab for which, whatever the distance, he invariably remunerated the driver with a shilling. The consequence was often some lively dialogue between the poet and the "cabby." The poet having a greater flow of language, the cabby was soon defeated, and drove off glad to escape the storm of words at any cost.

When "Sigma" was a lad of eighteen he was at a dinner where Mr. Swinburne was among the guests. The latter had just read Miss Rossetti's "Goblin Market and Other Poems," then recently published. He was most enthusiastic over the work of his fellow poet and asked his host if he had a copy of the book. Fortunately he had. Swinburne opened it and turned to the back, where the devotional pieces are published, and read aloud the paraphrase of Solomon's Song, which begins with "Passing away, saith the world, passing away."

The particular meter [says "Sigma"] and impressive monotony of rhyme [every line in the piece is rhymed to the opening one] seemed peculiarly to lend themselves to Mr. Swinburne's measured lilt of intonation, and I then realized for the first time the almost magical effect which Tennyson's similar method of reading was wont to exercise over his hearers. When Mr. Swinburne had finished he put the book down with a vehement gesture, but only for an instant. After a moment's pause he took it up again, and a second time read the poem aloud with even greater expression than before. "By

God!" he said, as he closed the book, "that's one of the finest things ever written!"

Although Swinburne praised Miss Rossetti in the highest terms, he appeared to have a sovereign disdain for Tennyson, whose poetry he attacked wholesale with almost frenzied bitterness, quoting with peculiar gusto Bulwer Lytton's diatribe against him in "The New Timon." "Surely, Mr. Swinburne," the young "Sigma" faltered, "you will except 'Maud'?" "Well, sir," he courteously replied, "I think you are right; I ought to have excepted 'Maud,' for it certainly does contain some fine things."

Next he dashed off to Byron and Shelley, and said that he regretted he had not gone to Harrow instead of Eton, because the former was Byron's school.

Swinburne was at this time, according to "Sigma," writing a novel which "unfortunately has never seen the light." I wonder if he does not allude to the volume, "A Year's Letters," published a year or so ago by Mr. T. B. Mosher and attributed from internal evidence to Swinburne!

"Sigma" quotes a number of the clever sayings of Oscar Wilde, and compares them with the wit of Sheridan

and Lamb. He thinks that perhaps the best thing that Wilde ever said was to a certain rather humdrum bard when the latter was complaining of the neglect with which his poems were treated by the critics:—

"There seems to be a conspiracy of silence against me. What would you advise me to do?" he inquired of Wilde. "Join it," was the unconsoling reply. But the generality of Wilde's mots (when not assimilated) were rather showy than really excellent, like Sheridan's or Lamb's. His description of the Jews, for instance, as people "who spoke through their own noses and made you pay through yours," though serviceable enough for the moment, has not the quality that survives. Compare it with Sheridan's mot to Lord Lauderdale when the latter, a matter-of-fact Scotchman, was attempting to repeat some jest from Brooks's: "Don't, Lauderdale, don't; a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter!" Or Lamb's retort to the silly dame who, after boring him excruciatingly, complained that for all the attention he paid to what she said she might be speaking to the lady on his other side: "So-o you-ou m-might, ma-ad-am, for it a-all g-goes in at one ear, and ou-ou-out at the other!"

On the whole, this book "Personalialia" is entertaining reading. It does not go very deep into things, but it amuses, and we all know the people about whom it gossips.

Mr. Barrie's Stage Heroines

By ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

THE Countess of Brocklehurst, when her son tells her that Lady Mary Lasenby has expressed her readiness to forgive his attentions to her maid, retires to the front of the stage and murmurs: "Now, if I had said that, what would have made me say it?" This is the question I am continually asking myself regarding Mr. Barrie's heroines. If I were so fortunate as to be Miss Maude Adams or Miss Sybil Carlisle or Miss Jessie Busley I fear I should be quite unable to play my parts in their pleasant, inconsequent, Barrieish fashion. I should be so taken up with wondering what hidden satire I

was failing to convey, and trying to imagine what in the world would make me say the things Mr. Barrie had arranged to have me say, that I should end by saying nothing at all. Or, if my part happened to be that of Moira Loney I fear I should even get so far as to laugh outright, so exceedingly humorous would have been my intention had I created that delectable young Irish woman. But I am never quite sure where Mr. Barrie's humorous intention stops and where his serious attitude toward his characters begins. One almost would think he took his heroines very seriously indeed, so

incessantly does he make fun of them. Certainly beneath the sobbing and smiling and flirting and sentimentalizing of these engaging creatures one may discover certain general traits that belong to human nature outside of fairy stories, and that are true to life as a great many commonplace people see it. Taken together these traits make up a credible portrait of a composite woman known to most of us, and very prettily expressing the theories held by her inventor. There is one point that stands out with distinct and salient beauty. None of Mr. Barrie's heroines is formed for intellectual superiority. None of them, excepting Moira, indulges in anything remotely resembling a career, and it is the bitter complaint of Moira that she has been forced to become an exceptional woman when she so deeply yearned to be ordinary. Mr. Barrie is very firm about this, and Moira, with her twelve years of eternal femininity and her boxes full of babies, is aggressively joyous and merry in comparison with the sad, successful Moira who has bestowed incalculable benefits upon the dear English people. Babbie, to be sure, boasts a little of having been educated in Edinburgh, but in the book Mr. Barrie anxiously assures us that her education did not tame her. Poor Miss Phœbe Throssell industriously taught school, but after the scene of her tourney with the demon of arithmetic one is not surprised that nine years of such teaching should cause her to wax old and fall a victim to headaches. In "The Admirable Crichton" Lady Mary is discovered with a book (over which she falls asleep), but on the island the only literature preserved is found in Crichton's pocket, and the ladies discover a happiness they never knew before in a "natural" life devoted to purely physical exercise. Obviously Mr. Barrie has no idea of sacrificing the proverbial feminine charm to any fanciful claim of the mind. I am afraid he will never even give us such a heroine as "Cousin Kate," whose intelligence enables her so gracefully to repent of all her clever books, and so eloquently to express the loneliness of her lucrative and honorable profession.

This is the stand Mr. Barrie takes about women, and it is one admirably adapted to the stage; but I cannot get it out of my head that in emphasizing it he is laughing at it in his sleeve; that in devoting himself to the temperamental complexities of his heroines and leaving any possible mental attributes out of the question he is impishly whispering to his delighted audiences: "See how easy it is to do—this feminine caprice that is supposed to be so mysterious. I can produce it in quantities. I have learned the little trick, and I hope you will not wake up and ask me to do anything harder."

Although, until we come to Lady Mary, all of Mr. Barrie's heroines bear a strong family resemblance to one another, each seems to be cast for a particular element in his ideal of womanhood. Babbie was the incarnation of wayward and daring independence. She shook the chains of convention from her pretty shoulders as easily as she dropped from them Captain Halliwell's cloak. She also was an adept in the art of tormenting her admirers. And she was truly brave. The fact is (despite the Countess of Brocklehurst!) most of Mr. Barrie's heroines are braver than his heroes; he drops into his sometimes too saccharine flattery of the weaker sex this little grain of pungent appreciation. Babbie also could be tender without becoming in the slightest degree mawkish. She had in her the making of a bright, firm, passionate, and loving creature, and Mr. Barrie by leaving her still a child did her a great kindness. When he gets his heroines past their childish years they are apt to disappoint one's expectations of them. One has only to imagine them beside the serene and gracious maturity of such a woman as Mr. Shaw's Candida, for example, to discover the side on which they are found wanting. But Babbie is the epitome of childhood, with its tricksy humors, its quick sympathies, its honest impulses, its follies, and miniature misdeeds. And, perhaps because Mr. Barrie is so consciously fond of children, he has modelled her with a masterly comprehension of indeterminate

values and bewitching, uncertain outlines. She is far and away the most charming of his stage heroines. In "The Professor's Love Story" there is but one authentic human character, the Professor himself, and the little heroine is a negligible quantity. In "Quality Street" Phœbe Throssell, without any marked individuality, without wit or wisdom or even common sense, with nothing to characterize her but a pretty face and a freshness of heart that will not down under adversity, is interesting to us because she expresses a great desire that is common to men and women alike, the desire to have enjoyed the sun, to have "lived light in the spring." Miss Phœbe is a girl deprived of her girlhood, and because she rebels we sympathize with her and like her, although we are well aware of her silliness and irremediable immaturity. Mr. Barrie has an ideal of gayety for women that involves much dancing and laughing and play-acting, and if they teach school and try to understand arithmetic of course there is no time for such nonsense. Life without nonsense assuredly would be a dreary performance, and because we are so conscious of this we let ourselves be taken in by little invertebrate Miss Phœbe, and allow her to personify the tragedy of growing old. To realize how inadequate she is to the representation of anything but the purely childish, though certainly pathetic, side of that tragedy, compare her with the character of the old chemist in "Little Mary," who has grown old to some purpose, and whose grief, when the moment comes to write "The End" is grief at the ceasing of ardent labor, at the laying down of a beloved task.

If Phœbe Throssell is an appealing plea for the desirability of putting off as long as possible the time of discretion, Moira Loney is a grotesque warning against perverting the mind of a woman to such a masculine employment as healing the sick. Moira's trouble begins in the first act. The audience is required to observe how blithe is the life of little Moira, managing a miniature Baby's Nursery, "doing for" the children at so much a

week, to be sure, but making the task a labor of love even more than a measure of economy. How she adores them all, and most of all the baby, "because he 's' the littlest—because he 's' the littlest!"—she lyrically explains, capering about the stage in a frenzy of sentiment. An observer might think her overworked, but work, she says, "is doin' the things ye don't like to do," and who could be so shrivelled of heart as not to like the work made by the tending of babies and the tidying-up of rooms? Very passionate are the sobs of Moira when it sweeps across her consciousness that the Earl may report her to his friends as a bad housewife—under the provocation of some scraps on the floor. Next comes the scene of the book with its gift to the dear Saxons from the grateful Irish. Possibly because Mr. Barrie is not a woman with a passion for tidying up, but a man with a passion for writing books, the excitement of the aged chemist over the work into which he has put his indestructible mind, rings with a saner note than Moira's ecstasy achieves. With all its extravagance it decidedly is a scene for tears. And at the end we see Moira sitting in the firelight, already renouncing her feminine ambitions, and solacing herself with the hope that some day she may be able to "mother" the lovely English upper class.

In the second act we are asked to receive a Moira sadly changed—graceful and beautiful and charmingly dressed, but dejected and weary. The mothering of adults has afforded an unsatisfactory substitute for the baby-tending. She perseveres pluckily enough, however, coercing her patients into plain living, with the hope of high thinking to follow. But, true to a time-honored convention, she finds it impossible to keep "grandpa's" secret, and by revealing it cuts short her martyrdom, and attains to a home and a husband whom she long has wished to mother.

In all this there is, of course, a vast amount of fooling. Mr. Barrie peeps out from behind the scenes again and again to make sure that we have perceived the joke. But it is difficult to

decide how far Moira is supposed to be part of the joke and how far she is supposed to be the real, true thing. She resembles a child playing rather affectedly with its dolls more than she resembles the Madonna either of the future or the past. She has the air of mocking at her own emotions, since Mr. Barrie is dramatically debarred from mocking at them for her. Yet, perhaps she is seriously intended to embody the sentiment which she wittily calls "mothering." In this case, she is merely another example of Mr. Barrie's preference for the childish side of grown-up passions. To see the deeper and more persuasive side we look to such creations as Mr. Zangwill's Mary Ann, in whom almost precisely the same care-taking, protecting, loving, and caressing spirit finds the sincerest expression. "You're a young woman, not a baby," Lancelot says to her, and here he puts his finger on the difference between this genuine embodiment of "innocence, faith, and all the joys of the bird" and Moira, lover of babies, who is not herself more than babyish in her emotional attitude. If Moira is a seriously considered type and not merely a caricature (and one can hardly think the latter, remembering Grizel, and Mary of "The Little White Bird," and the rest of the book heroines), she exemplifies Mr. Barrie's failures in the depiction of womanly women, as Babbie exemplifies his success in the depiction of the kind of girlhood which struggles against the noose thrown by the affections. Moira is a drawing made with the stump in the ancient manner that exalted softness and excluded accents, where Babbie has at least the crispness of an etching. The one virtue of the latter—and its importance is not to be denied—lies in her disposition toward sturdy industry. But even industry and softness together are not endearing without the sense of richer possibilities and finer elements. Although "Little Mary" is a comedy of the lighter sort its composition does not allow of purely comic impressions, and I miss from the character of Moira that sincerity and simplicity that belong to the truly maternal type in the

least impressive of its manifestations. Mr. Barrie's management of Moira in "Little Mary" makes me wish to see "The Wedding Guest," which appeared in England some half-dozen years ago, and the heroine of which (if the most unfortunate of the two women is not, perhaps, the real heroine) is obliged to grapple with a situation sufficiently tragic to try the soul even of an Ibsen model.

"The Admirable Crichton" is frankly farcical in its construction, but it is in the Lady Mary of this play that I discover the first tendency on the part of a Barrie heroine to put away childish things, unless, indeed, you hold that class prejudice is a childish thing in England. Lady Mary in her drawing-room has the Vere de Vere repose of manner, the air of disdain toward persons of inferior birth, which her butler can honestly commend; and when the tables are turned and she becomes the Amazonian huntress of the island, she retains a pleasing superiority to the coquetries of the typical Barrie heroine, and though bred to formality is more direct and natural than any other woman he has drawn. She manages to get through even the serving scene without a surplus of self-consciousness, and throughout she is refreshingly free from sentimentality. To be sure, she is also free from anything like real sentiment, but that is as it should be in an ironical farce. If Lady Mary has any message at all for us, which may very well be doubted, it is merely that in England convention is stronger than sentiment, and not even Mr. Barrie's self-willed ladies can overturn it. And the admirable Crichton reminds us that there is nothing wrong with England.

Neither is there anything wrong with Mr. Barrie's ladies. They might be very nice in Thrums or in Quality Street, or on an island. But they are not good enough for the stage, which deserves the best from its gifted servants. Mr. Barrie has given it much that is good—so much that one must needs develop the greed of Oliver and beg for more from him. It is even exhilarating to reflect that probably the American audiences will in time

be treated to the early plays, to "The Wedding Guest" and to "Walker, London." The worthy Jasper Phipps would certainly be a proper rival of the always resourceful Crichton. Indeed, if all the plays were not so rich in the qualities that make for the enjoyment of discriminating theatre-goers; if they did not provide such charming, unhackneyed scenes; if they did not overflow with such sparkling humor; if they did not so successfully conceal propaganda under legitimate stage-craft; if they did not so adequately supply all technical demands, we should doubtless think the somewhat flimsy feminine characters about whom they are built enough of a novelty in themselves to be accepted thankfully and without criticism. It is sufficiently interesting to be sure of beholding, upon the rising

of the curtain, a creature remote from suggestions of the fashion-plate and afternoon reception. We ask for a great deal when we ask for something in the way of spiritual dignity to add to this. But because all the rest of the play, whichever one it may be, is so far above its heroine in artistic and intellectual quality and in dramatic illusion as well, to say nothing of the merry psychological element of which we all are so afraid to speak and which we so delight to find in the entertainment provided for us—because of this we can seldom take Mr. Barrie's heroine to our arms with honest welcome. Babbie alone has possessed the power to move hearts,—and was it Babbie, after all, or was it the bright, frail individuality of the actress who impersonated her?

The Influence of Personality

By ALINE GORREN

MRS. WHARTON has made, in "Sanctuary,"* a contribution to the study of personal influence and psychical surroundings as used to deflect the logical development of inherited instincts and tendencies. Of course there is no such thing as a strictly logical development of inherited tendencies; of course the soul-problems in such situations as Mrs. Wharton has chosen to imagine are not to be worked out like demonstrable theorems: we are, as to heredity *versus* the environment, in an open field of conjecture where science burns, as yet, but a feeble rushlight among shadows. Faith is firmer here than science, however, and the stronger souls, whose love makes sanctuaries for the weaker, will continue sometimes to be justified of their works. Was the mother of Mrs. Wharton's tale justified of hers? Was the rescue of Dick Peyton from the peculiar temptation that beset him a complete one? We cannot feel that it is so, nor that the end of the book is equal, in subtlety, in truth, or in surety of purpose, to the beginning.

In the first part Mrs. Wharton brings forward, indeed, a concept of great originality, and one that lifts the attention at once to a plane where very much is expected. It is thinkable that it might be asked whether young women like Kate, being disappointed in their lover's strength of character, often discover that their love has become transformed into a passion of pity, and a yearning desire of protection, for the child that may in the future be born of him, and that may lead, but for their influence, a life poisoned with the moral taint derived from the father. The answer is that this thing might very well happen with young women like Kate, but that Kates are rare. Given this girl as we feel her to be, and her marriage to the debonair Denis, with his insufficient sense of right and wrong, is not unnatural:

Now through the blur of sensations one image strangely persisted—the image of Denis's child. . . . The vision persisted—the vision of the child whose mother she was not to be. . . . Denis would marry some one else . . . he would marry a girl who knew nothing of his secret

* "Sanctuary." By Edith Wharton. Scribner. \$2.50.

—he would marry a girl who trusted him and leaned on him, and with this deception between them their child would be born: born to an inheritance of secret weakness, a vice of the moral fibre, which would destroy it before the cause could be detected. . . . Well, and what of it? . . . Were not thousands of children born with some such unsuspected taint? Ah, but if here was one that she could save? What if she, who had so exquisite a vision of wifehood, should reconstruct from its ruins this vision of protecting maternity . . . of charity for her lover's race? If she might expiate his fault by becoming a refuge from its consequences? Before this strange extension of her love all the old limitations seemed to fall.

Is this "extension," after all, really very exceptional? Is it not, in some measure, what takes place in the life of very commonplace women, unconscious of soul, whose inchoate idealism, meeting deception in a commonplace mate, expends itself on the children? If one wished to psychologize rather far, might one not suppose, indeed, the maternal instincts to be, in fact, born of the deviated currents of sexual impulses,—necessarily deviated because of the relatively smaller average constancy of the male?

Be these things as they may, the mother of Mrs. Wharton's book is one of those exquisitely tempered products of the best moral and social influences in whom the elemental motives of action become transmuted into high ethical ideals. She marries the weak Denis Peyton, and thenceforward her life is a long, steady effort to envelop his son in the atmosphere of a sustaining but discreet love whose inbreathing may be to him a perpetually renewed safeguard against temptation. The young man's temptation is made to come in course of time, however, and very properly made to come on a higher plane than his father's. Dick is an architect, a lover of the refined life, anxious to excel in the accomplishing of beautiful things, but easily discouraged by failure. An opportunity presents itself to make a crucial test of his powers. While he is working on the plans with which he is to enter

the competition for a great public building his friend Darrow, also an architect, falls ill and dies. Darrow is a man of talent, not very well treated by fortune, who has always entertained for Dick, living easily in the sunshine of life, a romantic friendship. But would such a man's friendship lead him to bequeath his own plans for the competition to Dick with a request that his friend use them in lieu of those he was himself preparing? Does a man offer the chance for that sort of secret dishonor to his friend? Does he, if he believes his friend weak enough to succumb to the temptation, deliberately place the temptation in his way? Would he not rather shrink from making so easy the first step in what would, with Dick's character, be a career of progressive moral deterioration?

These sentimental sacrifices are not in the natural order with strong men; and Darrow was a strong man. These are the things that women do. And it is hard to regard with much interest the moral struggle of a man who does not know whether or not to pass a dead friend's drawings off as his own. Mrs. Wharton says of Dick's mother: "She had secured him against all ordinary forms of baseness; the vulnerable point lay higher, in that region of idealizing egotism which is the seat of life in such natures." But Dick's temptation seems gross enough, after all. He conquers, it is true. But, again, why should the dead Darrow's drawings have been simply destroyed? Why should they not have been sent, with his name attached, to the judges of the competition, and the glory, if such there was to be, have been posthumously his?

Where the atmosphere of fiction is as fine and rare as in Mrs. Wharton's work these questions stand forth with a greater prominence than they might possess in the work of some others. She is of the order of those writers, indeed, with whom the saner vision is so native that it is always expected.

Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA,

I am told that women's clubs are on the increase. I cannot think why women's clubs exist at all. A woman is not a clubable creature, and she really has not the means to support West End clubs; and, of course, many of them have failed for this very reason. A woman expects a solid meal for fivepence or sixpence, and she gives no tips. Well, no servants will stay in such a place. The cloak-room at the railway station is quite enough of a club for any woman. There the fees are twopence, which is just about as much as any woman will ever spend upon anything but her dress or her appearance. Except for her confidences with the hall-porter, I am certain that women do not need clubs. All a woman wants is some one, and it must be a man, who will take care of messages and letters which postmen and boy messengers bring, and forward them upon the days only when she directs. Thus it is that the hall-porter becomes the woman's club, and as far as the members care the hall-porter is the President, Committee, and Secretary, all rolled into one.

It has been suggested that wherever a man's club is placed a woman's club should be put next to it. Perhaps that is why a new and apparently flourishing ladies' club has just sprung up overlooking that playground, the Burlington Arcade. Aggressive and militant as is the world of women's clubs, it strikes one as presumptuous to call ladies' clubs by the names of the Services. Ladies have invaded most professions, and Dr. Forbes Winslow, who we must not forget is a great authority on lunacy, stated recently that women had competed with men in every occupation and profession except divinity and law. He, however, forgot that women have not so far undertaken to fight our battles by land or by sea. Kind and sympathetic is the woman's heart, and comfortable is the clavicle of her shoulder and its surrounding parts, yet women have, notwithstand-

ing the existence of the Ladies' Naval and Military Club, shown some irresponsibility as to methods of active service. I therefore repeat, kindly, though none the less firmly, that it is more than presumptuous to call ladies' clubs after the names of the Services. There is only one excuse for this new nomenclature for women's clubs, and it is that the clubroom in a woman's club looks after a few hours just like a battlefield, though this is too good a name, for the disorder is really the outcome not of a battle, but of a tea-fight. One reason why women's clubs exist is because of the female's extraordinary love of tea. Claret for boys, port for men, brandy for heroes, and tea for the rag-bags around the purlieus of Bond Street. Sir Thomas Lipton's tea is, I am told, excellent, and many beautiful women have wished to kiss Sir Thomas Lipton, perhaps for this reason. There may be other reasons. Bear in mind, however, that the Ceylon Cup is the one that cheers; the America Cup is quite another thing. To drink tea in a public place is almost dangerously plebeian. To drink tea in the secrecy of your chamber at matutinal hours is quite another matter. Hence the difference between a restaurant and a ladies' club. The restaurant despises tea, but, if you will have it, you are taken to an ante-chamber as though you had demanded a bottle of cowslip wine. They are ashamed of you. The Ladies' Club vaunts its tea, and can, therefore, never take first-class rank. If you would sparkle with the smart you must drink things which sparkle, and tea is not of these.

The history of Women's Clubs began with the advent of Aërated Bread shops, and it is really upon the Aërated Bread shops and Pearce & Plenty that Ladies' Clubs are modelled. The publication of the "Woman at Home" by Annie Swan gave a great stimulus to Women's Clubs also. In the pages of the "Woman at Home" it was pointed out by "Pioneer" ladies what an excellent time women would have if they

would not stay at home. This was like the editor of the temperance journal, who printed on the outside cover of his journal, "For the lamentable results of intemperance see our inside." Ladies' Clubs, then, are really a glorified form of tea-shop; but whereas the tea-shop pays fifteen per cent., the club rarely pays at all. It is said that the ordinary woman has the mind of a hen, and the extraordinary woman has the mind of two hens. This must be why a Ladies' Club reminds one so much of a poultry-yard, with all its cackling and its feathers. A further step in the evolution of the Ladies' Club was the starting of "Dorothy" tea-shops. These, though expensive, flourished for a time, but as there was no hall-porter there were no confidences, only smug gentility within, and people die daily of gentility, and "Dorothy" tea-shops died partly because they were so genteel, and also because their kettles so rarely boiled.

The publication of the "Heavenly Twins" and other books with similar titles, such as the "Eloping Angels," brought about "the shrieking sisterhood," who for a time made Bruton Street famous with the Pioneer Club. These sisters shrieked for everything. They shrieked for professions to be opened to them; they shrieked for divorce; they shrieked for husbands; they shrieked for deceased sisters' husbands; they shrieked for cigars, for votes, for pairs of trousers and divided skirts; and, among many other things, they shrieked for the right to go everywhere by moonlight alone. Why they shrieked for this nobody knows, for no one wanted to go with them anywhere by moonlight, and certainly not by daylight. Any one who had to go anywhere with them, hailed a four-wheeled cab, and himself rode outside with the driver. Mr. Harry Randall remarks in the Pantomime that before marriage a man takes his lady for a walk by Moonlight, but after marriage he leaves her at the washtub with a bar of "Sunlight."

I always think that there are three things which make a woman put on "side." The first is to see her name

on a title-page, the second is when she joins a club, and the third is when she smokes her first cigarette. Now there is nothing in any of these things to cause a woman to "chortle" so gaily as she does. I do not mind a woman's "chortling" when she has beautiful hands and finger-nails, or when she knows that her head is beautifully placed upon her shoulders, or that she walks, as only a woman should walk, as though the ground were not good enough for her to tread upon. All these things are subjects for legitimate vanity. Let all women prize them highly—if they have them. But to see a woman toying with a cigarette like a half-baked schoolboy gives me no pleasure. A female correspondent of one of our daily prints goes into absurd raptures over the sight of women smoking at a club:

Whether or not the male mind may agree with this liberty of womanhood, there is something very pleasurable in watching a fair smoker. She handles the cigarette so daintily that it is invested with a charm quite lacking to it when a man is at the other end of it. She toys with it, holds it loosely in her fingers, puts it lightly to her lips with a pretty caressing touch; the lighted end is a jewel that sparkles brightly against the skin of her bare arm as her elbow rests for a moment upon the dinner-table, and as she leans over to her companion, and a feathery cloudlet filters from her lips.

If lips are good for anything they are better employed than in letting "feathery cloudlets" filter through them. Many ladies, finding that cigarette smoking is looked upon as a half-measure, and not thorough-paced enough, now smoke pipes. This custom has until recently been reserved for female denizens of the workhouse and wayside female tramps. Now I am told that the regulations of one ladies' club include the following: "Ladies are requested not to smoke pipes in the presence of gentlemen, but only in the private smoking-room!" To despise men was at one time a particular feature in all women's clubs. Now men are tolerated; and, if I can believe my eyes, they are even indulged. To despise men altogether

a woman must be very good-looking indeed. Men resemble cats, in that they need only to be stroked in the right direction; it becomes, therefore, a problem only of direction.

A club is to a woman a very different place from what it is to a man. A man seeks repose and quiet at his club; a woman, if she seeks anything beside the hall-porter and her letters, seeks the reverse—she desires excitement. There 's a woman's club in San Francisco which has recently circulated some excellent resolutions. The members resolve to "try to be cheerful." They "try" a lot of things in San Francisco. They try to "cultivate tact," to concentrate their thoughts "so as to speak concisely," and much more which you may already have seen. In one of Mr. Zangwill's books there is a character who starts a ladies' club where every candidate had to be both beautiful and wealthy, and had also to undertake to continue to be so. Every candidate must have refused at least one advantageous offer of marriage. The by-laws insisted that members were to regard "all men as brothers." They were to undertake not to keep cats or lap-dogs; nor were they to have less than one birthday a

year. They were to abjure the confessional, and undertake never to speak to a curate. They were not to kiss females nor drink cocoa-nibs. They were not to distribute tracts, nor, it is presumed, show the aggressive spirit of the district visitor. They were to avoid mittens, fleecy shawls, elastic-side boots, and white stockings. They were not to wear one-button white kid gloves at afternoon concerts. They were not to have married sisters, as they might debase, and the temptation to marry her husband would be such as no human being should be subjected to. They were to study celibacy, and refuse to accept bits of wedding-cake. They were to cultivate the acquaintance "only of handsome young men" who were too conceited to be matrimonially dangerous. On the furniture of the club-room were woven many mottoes, one of which was "Marriages are made in heaven, but old maids go there." When the furniture is re-covered this may be altered to "Marriages are made in heaven, but you can get very good imitations down here."

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, February, 1904.

The Editor's Clearing-House

The contributions to this department are supposed to be somewhat more intimate in manner and subject than those in other parts of the magazine. They are more or less the expression of personal feeling. It may be the airing of a grievance, the exploiting of an enthusiasm. Perhaps the remarks here made may arouse discussion among their readers. So much the better. The editor will, when moved to do so, comment on the contributions. The department will be, as it were, an editorial clearing-house in which it is hoped that every reader of THE CRITIC will become personally interested.

Browning for Household Use

Browningists are requested to answer the following questions:

1. Give Browning's opinion on the state of the stomach before breakfast.
2. Quote the poet on the effect of over-eating.
3. When does Browning speak of pea-soup? Of pan-cakes? Of mince-meat?
4. What method of cooking liver does he advise? How should it be garnished?
5. When should parsley be used?
6. What are the ingredients of savory soup?
7. What is the effect of "parritch"? What is the poet's opinion of the proper consistency of cheese-balls?
8. Where do we find an Italian prototype of the club-sandwich?
9. To what rhetorical use does Browning put the popular method of frying fritters in deep fat?
10. What principle does Browning lay down on the subject of feeding infants?
11. What does he suggest for the teething child?
12. What advice is given on the use of soap, and what influence should the price of the article have upon the habit?
13. Quote the poet on the best method of cleansing woollens.
14. What are his objections to the washing of dyed fabrics?
15. What should be used in sweeping ceilings?
16. Give his reasons for questioning the authenticity of back hair.
17. State the result to the complexion of an excessive use of Breganze wine.
18. What is the effect of ceruse as a cosmetic?
19. For what lip-salve does Browning give the ingredients?
20. What precautions does the poet advise in the matter of corset lacing?

[Miss Frances Duncan, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has successfully answered the questions in "Browning for Household Use" asked in this department of the January CRITIC. We reprint the Questions with Miss Duncan's answers.—Ed. CRITIC.]

1. "Since before breakfast a man feels but queasily,
And a sinking at the lower abdomen,
Begins the day with indifferent omen."
"The Flight of the Duchess."

2. " . . . the stomach flags
Loaded with nurture."
"A Death in the Desert."
3. "Well-saffroned was that barley soup."
"Two Camels."
"Roast thrushes, hare soup, pea soup"—
". . . slice hare, toss pancake . . ."
"Last Adventure of Balaustion."
"And mash my opponent to mince-meat."
"Pachiarotto."
4. " . . . the minced herb
That mollifies the liver's leathery slice
With here a goose-foot, there a cock's comb
stuck,
Cemented in an element of cheese!"
"The Ring and the Book."
5. " . . . nothing stings
Fried liver out of its monotony
Of richness, like a root of fennel, chopped
Fine with the parsley, parsley sprigs, I
said."
"Ring and Book: Dominus Archangelis."
6. " . . . dredge for whelks,
Mud-worms that make the savory soup!"
"Ring and Book: The Pope."
7. " . . . parritch to hearten ye first!"
"Muckle-mouthed Meg."
"a curd-white smooth cheese-ball
That peels flake by flake,
Like an onion, each smoother and whiter."
"The Englishman in Italy."
8. "They interpose to curb its lusciousness—
What, 'twixt each fatling?
First comes plain bread, crisp, brown, a
toasted square:
Then a strong sage leaf:
(So we find books with flowers dried here
and there
Lest leaf engage leaf)
First food,—then piquancy—and last of
all
Follows the thirdling:

Through wholesome hard, sharp, soft,
your tooth must bite
Ere reach the birdling."
Prologue to "Ferishtah's Fancies."

9. . . . Ovidian quip or Ciceronian
crank
A bubble in the larynx while he laughs,
As he had fritters deep down frying there.
"Ring and Book—Introduction."

10. "I feed the babe, whether it will or no."
"Death in the Desert."

11. "Oh, your nurse
Wants simply coral, the delight
Of teething baby,—stuff to bite."
"Shop."

12. " . . . no need to be stingy of soap
Of soap when 't is sixpence the packet."
"Pachiarotto."

13. " . . . a bleacher spreads, to seeth it
In the cleansing sun, his wool,—"
"Christmas Eve."

14. "When the dyer dyes
A texture, can the red dye prime the
white?
And if we washed well, wrung the texture
hard,
Would we arrive, here, there, and every-
where
At a fierce ground beneath the surface
meek?"
"Red Cotton Night-cap Country."

15. " . . . thy particular bed of reeds
Which flower into the brush that makes a
broom
Fit to sweep ceilings clear of vermin."
"Shah Abbas."

16. "Her back-hair was a block of solid gold.
The gate shut out my harmless question,
'Hair
So young and yellow, crowning sanctity
And claiming—can hair be false?'"
"Red Cotton Nightcap Country."

17. "For she swilled Breganze wine
Till her nose turned deep carmine."
"Pippa Passes."

18. "Her cheek turned to one master-plaster
Of mucus and fucus from mere use of
ceruse."
"Flight of the Duchess."

19. "The first lizard wrested from its couch

Under the slime (whose skin the while he
strips
To cure his nostril with, and festered
lips)."

"Sordello."

20. " . . . put up a blind,
To be safe in my corset lacing."
"Youth and Art."
FRANCES DUNCAN.

Sour Grapes

My minor poetess friend assured me she was cultivating the sour grape habit. I gave her a searching glance, which she met unflinchingly. Yes, she continued, she was getting middle aged and her heart action was poor, and she had taken to sour grapes. Now, my minor poetess has a fine poetic frenzy as a habit of mind, and I could not understand the white feather.

I remonstrated with her warmly. Conjuring up all the distressing tales of an injudicious indulgence in acid fruit that I could muster, I hurled them at her without sparing a single detail. I think I even told her that her joints would swell, and that a bad heart was only play in comparison. But in a moment she had silenced me and she began to explain. I saw that I had been too precipitate.

She had her doctrine well in hand, and I could not refrain from granting her respectful attention, although my masculine mind attempted a feeble though tardy rebellion. Only once I took my eyes from her face. I directed a furtive glance toward the study table; I know I saw something that had that distressingly familiar appearance of a returned manuscript. My heart action was normal; but the growth of returned manuscript upon my own desk was most abnormal, so I was pleased to return to her live, animated face. The sour grape as a mind medicinal might prove worthy of consideration. I was most respectful.

I sha'n't tell you all she said—because there were a few irrelevant things. What folly for a minor poetess and a serious reviewer!

But this is the nub of the nostrum. She said that when she wanted anything, she transposed the natural expression of her thought into the simple homily, "Please pass the grapes."

There were so many things she wanted she could n't have, that her prodigal nature, ever demanding novelty, had nearly torn her to shreds until she had happily met this relief.

Now all caprice of volition was so easily dissipated by simply resorting to the fruit of the vine.

She did not eat the grapes she said—nay, a grape in the hand is worth two in the stomach—she simply let them dangle from her slender white fingers, and whispered softly to herself, "What's the use?" In this way, insisted my minor poetess, she secured all the medicinal value of the grape and suffered none of its baleful inconvenience. It was bound to agree with you.

I was fascinated at the idea. Mere propinquity, I had often observed, had brought about surprising results, particularly in considerations matrimonial, in the affairs of life. Why should I scoff at its possibilities in equalizing a mental disparity in the present instance? It had done worlds for my minor poetess. Her physician assured her, she told me with bated breath, that her heart action had improved fifty per cent. in the last ten days, and time alone was necessary to work a perfect cure.

Of course the doctor, in commenting on his patient's improved condition, knew nothing about the sour grape; he was of the regular school. His patient had wisely not attempted to penetrate professional prejudice. Ordering her sour grape in muffled tones and ministering unto herself in the privacy of her own den, had been the treatment. As I remember it now, she did not even take the large flat pills the physician left in the oblong glass. However, that is only a minor detail. The fact remains that she had steadily declined for weeks—returned manuscript was knocking on the door during that time—then sour grapes and a steady rise.

I was a disciple in a moment. Sour grapes no longer seemed a nauseous and cowardly refuge. Surely if you avoided the acidous effect, where was the harm? You did not steep the system with sour poison, become pessimistic, nor must you necessarily impede ambition in taking up with sour grapes after this fashion.

Behold my minor poetess! Had she become lethargic, stupid, and dull? Was she peevish, unreasonable, low in her mind? None of these things. On the contrary, you see her rational—her wonted frenzy of mind wisely tempered with a judicious calm, as one who had lingered lovingly at the well of knowledge and drank deep of its experience.

The lawyer tells us possession is nine points of the law; in the sour grape treatment it is

all ten. Simple tangible possession, not actual consumption, works the cure.

From the thorny way with bleeding feet into the shaded mossways of a bright Elysium—the sour grape is the talisman that points the way.

Z. KENT GRAHAM.

The Autograph Fiend Versus the Other Fiends

Mr. Robert Barr's article on the autograph hunter in the Christmas issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, like everything by that versatile writer, is dashing, good-natured, and clever. He certainly has a case against the persons commonly known as "autograph fiends," and he makes the most of it. But no one knows better than Mr. Barr that there is another and more pleasing side to that particular kind of "fiend," and that there are innumerable demons more to be dreaded, pitied, or despised, as the case may be. The autograph hunter is bad enough, Heaven knows, but he is an angel (although he may not always reveal himself) compared with those other persons who pursue every man and woman of sufficient prominence to attract their baleful attention.

There is the ambitious young author who sends his works—in manuscript—with the modest request that you read them and find him a publisher; the person devoted to charity who has heard that you are always "kind to the poor," and proffers a child or two for adoption, or asks you to lift a mortgage and receive the blessing of him who is ready to perish; the young woman who has heard that you are rich and requests you to buy her a piano; the photograph collector who honors you by asking for your likeness—large size—in six different positions; the genealogical fiend who is sure you are related to him and asks for your family tree; the intrusive individual who wants to find out your peculiarities that he may exploit them in the public journals,—surely the thought of these demons should cause the author to be indulgent and look with amenity upon the autograph hunter.

It seems to me that a very readable article might be written on the subject of "The Other Fiends," and I am sure that the much-abused autograph collector would enjoy it hugely. He has been painted in dark colors so long that the reading of such a dissertation would be balm to his soul, for the comparison would be entirely favorable to him. No man could perform the task better than the genial author

of "Tekla," and I hope he may some day write on "The Other Fiends."

Be it far from me to defend the autograph hunter in everything he does, for his conduct is often reprehensible; but surely he is not wholly bad. Often he is intelligent, amiable, courteous, persuasive, and withal a pleasing flatterer. He is a benefactor to the small celebrity and a not unjust penalty upon the large one. Many a struggling author has been made happy by a letter from this so-called "fiend" which showed real appreciation. It cheered him and made him think that he was somebody after all, even if the critics had treated him shabbily or ignored him entirely.

I am quite sure that authors and others retain *some* human characteristics, and are far from being displeased by requests for their autographs. But, of course, it would never do to permit this lamentable weakness to become generally known; therefore hauteur is feigned to keep the autograph hunter properly humble.

Dear Celebrity, do not be too hard on the inoffensive collector of autographs, for, as you well know, there are many demons more perilous than he, and by humoring him you may, peradventure, propitiate all the others. But I do not guarantee this to be an infallible remedy,—take it for what it is worth.

JOHN THOMAS LEE.

Her Short Upper Lip: A Protest

Whether a woman who does not possess one is thus outwardly marked by pitiless Nature as lacking in the power of sex, or whether this is merely a despairing clutch after realism of detail on the part of the male novelist (it almost invariably is a masculine device) is a question which should perhaps be left to the psychologists. Nevertheless, on behalf of the long-lipped woman, and still more to encourage the army of the undistinguished who stand on the slope of the hill half-way between the mount of attractiveness and the valley of humiliation, one is moved to inaugurate an inquiry as to the fundamental basis of feminine charm.

In our earlier years the heroine of fiction was marked by a "willowy grace of movement," or perhaps she was "striking" or "stately." Sometimes she had a "wealth of golden hair." Sometimes she was distinguished by "midnight tresses." It seemed then that none of her physical perfections escaped the observing author. He mentions her "perfectly moulded features." He even

goes into detail as to her "shapely throat," her "glorious black eyebrows," her "luminous eyes" and "sweeping lashes." Sometimes she has a "*nez retroussée*," or, if the author is clever enough with English, "a delicate nose with a gradual little upward curve" which is "distracting." But one thing escaped him—one little, elemental, essential thing—he forgot her short upper lip. How could she be witty or brilliant without it? How could she be all moulded of fire and tenderness as she ought? How could her smile be enthralling or the quiver of her lips in distress adorable? We infer that the elder author could not legitimately voice the striking fact which a certain modern writer asserts unwaveringly—"For such a mouth men have died."

That the writer of to-day is blind to other charms of the flesh is an opinion not to be held for a moment, but somehow her mouth has gained in importance. Her short upper lip dominates him. By that she stands or falls. He is more exacting than ever in point of her beauty. Not only must her complexion be faultless ("rose" and "snow," I believe, are the technical terms), and her hair "warmly dark, dimly bright, shimmering in a blur of burnished gold," but there must be "distinction in the poise of her head" and "a swift grace" in her movements. Her eyes apparently are too wonderful for mortal descriptions. On those rare occasions when they "give themselves for a moment to his," they either strike him dumb or blind him. Among and through these perfect tints and forms always "a subtle fragrance follows her and lingers like a caress."

Her crowning triumph, however,—her Cupid's dart, the appeal of her sex,—is in her short upper lip. Is she scintillant with humor? It is her short upper lip. Is she like a sensitive plant to changes in the spiritual atmosphere? It is her short upper lip. Do her rare moments of infinite tenderness set his brain reeling? It is her short upper lip. Do her tears, dimming for a moment the soft glow in her eyes, make him mad with the longing to shield her in his arms from every evil thing? Doubtless even this effect is due to her short upper lip, suspect the fact as little as we may. Mark these descriptions:

"He not dreaming what was going on in her romantic young mind, was looking down at her, trying to keep a very tender smile out of his face—she looked so like a sleeping, spoiled child, with her child's complexion, her short upper lip, her round, aggressive little chin."

"She'd a mouth all soft curves, drooping at the corners, its upper lip quite absurdly short and curled outward. . . . He devoured her, feasted upon every line of her, revelled there."

"It always gave him a little shock—a quick catching of the breath to meet her eyes."

"A woman tall, slim, . . . her face pale, her lips a delicate pink, the upper one so short as constantly to disclose her small white teeth . . . the masses of her light brown hair pushed over her ears with silver combs and falling in loops upon her neck. He drank her in as he raised his eyes."

"Her tall and rather sumptuously developed figure, with the humor and vivacity, the character and decision of her face, the deep glow in her eyes, the graver glow beneath the mirth that danced near their surface . . . the warm white and covert rose of her skin, the dense black of her undulating abundant hair, the sudden sanguine red of her lips . . . one who would love her pleasure, who would be wayward and provoking, but who could also be generous and loyal. . . . 'What an adorable mouth,' thought he. 'The red of it—the curves it takes—and those incredible little white teeth, like snow shut in a rose.'"

Oh, yes, *she* had a short upper lip, though he did forget to mention it specifically!

They are adorable—these women. Even we of their own sex feel their charm. Often we love them—in spite of their beauty. Sometimes we even imagine that we comprehend them. We feel as they have felt; we dream dreams that they have dreamed. Those that have suffered we know the best of all. We, too, are sensitive to atmosphere. We know his mood by the tones of his voice and the look in his eyes. We are light on the surface. We have tenderness underneath. We can love even as they have loved. We, too, have a sense of humor and a sense of sex. Then we remember. We lack beauty and we dare not measure our lips. We are afraid that when we walk abroad "a delicate perfume like the perfume of violets" does not come and go in the air near us. We are compelled to confess that after we have been out in a pouring rain without an umbrella, our hair, though truly enough "in some disorder," does not always blow over our brows "in fine free wavelets or cling to our temples "in soft damp curls." We sigh. We disconsolately pick up some variant of the omnipresent woman's journal. In the beauty column we read: "A short upper lip indicates wit and also tenderness. She who possesses it has a sensitive nature." We sigh again and turn to other themes, for we have not the short upper lip.

OLIVE VINCENT MARSH.

Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

A very singular person was Father Louis Hennepin.* He ascribes his wandering proclivities to a "singular Zeal I had for promoting the Good of Souls," but, in truth, he seems to have had an innate desire to investigate the big round world simply to gratify the "Curiosity of my temper," as he says elsewhere. He may have saved 3000 souls at Maestricht, as he claims, but he did not succeed in saving his own reputation, and he is known for one of the most flagrant literary thefts ever recorded. It is an extraordinary story.

* "A New Discovery of a Vast Country in America." By Father LOUIS HENNEPIN. Reprinted from the Second London Issue of 1698 with Facsimiles, etc., and the Addition of Introduction, Notes and Index. By RUBEN GOLD THWAITES. Two vols. McClurg & Co. Price \$6.00.

A poor Walloon monk of the mendicant Franciscan order of Recollects, Louis Hennepin (b. 1640), travelled far afield from his convent at Bethune, to Holland, to Italy, to Germany. Later, serving as a kind of home missionary to the herring fishers on the North Sea, he met sailing masters who had crossed the Atlantic. Forbidden by his monkish habit from joining openly in social talk when tales of adventure were passed around with the bottle he was wont to "skulk behind the doors of victualling houses" to pick up what he could overhear. It was sufficient to interest him in the west and to make him rejoice when his Father Superior commanded him to proceed as a missionary to America, whither Champlain had already taken others of his Order,

who vied with the Jesuits in their zeal for conversion.

Hennepin sailed to Quebec in 1675 in the same ship with Francois Xavier and La Salle. After preaching and exercising his office in Canada, the missionary extended his ministrations and explorations farther into the interior and finally accompanied La Salle on his ambitious expedition towards the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. It is difficult to differentiate between the Father's own experiences and those of others in his boastful narrative. He claims to have reached Albany, and the claim is allowed by Thwaites, though denied by Brodhead. He certainly saw the upper Mississippi, "with his portable Chapel, one Blanket and a matt of Rushes on his back."

"The prodigious Cadence of Water which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner" at Niagara impressed him simply as monstrous and hideous, and an inconvenient interruption to navigation.

He noted what he saw and his observations were original and racy. Then, like other travellers, he went home and made a book, wherein, says La Salle, he sometimes described things as he wished them to be, not as they were. This first book was called "La Louisiane" (1682), and had a great and immediate and deserved success.

In 1697 Father Hennepin published a second volume, entitled "La Nouvelle Decouverte." This covered most of the matter of "Louisiana," with much more. It is now pretty well established that for the second part of the publication the reverend Father boldly appropriated both the account and the achievements of others as his own.

Father Membre's description of La Salle's voyage down the lower Mississippi (1652) was printed in Le Clerc's "Établissement de la Foi," a book that was at once suppressed and therefore little known when Hennepin used the matter. La Salle was dead by that time and could not protest in his own behalf that it was he and not Hennepin who discovered the lower Mississippi.

"La Nouvelle Decouverte" was translated at once into several languages, and it is a reproduction of the second issue of the English version (1698) which the editor of the Jesuit Relations has now published, with a capital introduction and a valuable bibliographical chapter by Mr. Paltits, of the Lenox Library. The points of controversy concerning Hennepin, both as to his literary and exploring adventures, are excellently presented. It is

certainly a piece of editing for which Mr. Thwaite deserves gratitude, and it is especially timely just now as 1904 turns attention towards Louisiana.

Hennepin's theft has been sometimes charged to the publisher's account rather than to the author's. Mr. Thwaites makes the latter responsible. Possibly his reputation may be rehabilitated some day and he may be proved to have been as truthful a writer, as conscientious an explorer as he is entertaining in his naïve boastfulness.

* This book seems to be seriously offered as a novel based on the question of intermarriage between the white and negro races, and definitely settling that question; while, at the same time the author has defeated his own object in as many and as incredible ways as are open perhaps to the writer of a volume of decidedly slender bulk. Why, in so narrow a field, Dr. Brady should have felt the obligation

to kill an entire flock of birds with one stone, to combine, in one story, tract, satire, comedy, romance, melodrama, tragedy, is a question that the reader of this singular story must ask himself in vain.

The heroine of the comedy or tragedy was a young woman who was unaware that she was one sixteenth part negro. Her scientific interest in the negro question was aroused by her studies at a "college" which awarded her, at graduation, the "closing essay and valedictory," and also the degree of doctor of philosophy. Dr. Brady very naturally treats this as a light comedy touch. Up to this point, indeed, the atmosphere of the story is genial, expansive, even jocose. Then the pitch is changed entirely, and through sensational means the "doctor of philosophy" discovers her negro taint. Upon the pseudo-tragic closing chapters and Alicia's suicide, the author himself comments, at the end, with an air of having proved his point.

"Society was there, with its master, Money, and its servant, Science, and its protagonist, Love. . . . Collectively or singly, they were alike helpless. They could do nothing, nothing, in the face of such a problem. Alicia herself had found the only solution. And at their feet she lay, a mute, eternal protest."

If Dr. Brady were an amateur, rather than an inveterate maker of books, with abundant practice in their construction, such a hodge-podge of absurdities as "A Doctor of Philoso-

* "A Doctor of Philosophy." By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY. Scribner. \$1.50.

phy" might be understood if not condoned. As it is, the unpardonable offence against good taste is that he should have postponed treating his serious theme seriously until the moment comes where he affects to provide the solution of a "problem" and the climax of his story by putting a "lethal weapon" in the hands of his heroine. Dr. Brady may have admirable views on the question of the intermarriage of races, but he has not taken the trouble to embody them in this book, far less to create characters that should make the question seem, to the uninformed, at all imminent or vital. Wholly apart from the essential importance of its subject, which is another matter, this story must seem insincere and grotesque to any serious reader.

O. H. D.

The author, whose book on the "most gorgeous Lady Blessington" is still unforgotten, gives us here another book * on a brief reign of which comparatively little is known and yet one which, from several aspects, is well worth knowing. This work, too, like its precursors, is filled with all sorts of things which one usually looks for in vain in others of similar calibre. Brightness, piquancy, *Bright, Piquant, Vivacious.* vivaciousness, and a style singularly felicitous are its leading charms. The happy-go-lucky court of England's sailor king, William IV., is here done to the life. "History" is too prim a term to apply to it. It is rather a highly amusing string of anecdotes, bits of gossip correspondence, pithy character and biographical sketches, table talk, and glimpses of life and manners, the whole dished up in a spicy and decidedly palatable sauce. Scores of interesting personages—courtiers and politicians, men and women of letters, artists and stage folk—"pass before the reader page by page, like figures in a moving panorama." The atmosphere is always breezy and brisk. Of politics there is but a modicum, and that is nearly all about the reform bills of 1831 and 1832, and the riots which the agitation bred, riots which were, indeed, but a hair's breadth from revolution at several stages. There is also quite a bit of the *chronique scandaleuse* of those days, but all told in a demure style, simply holding up the mirror to nature. To many no doubt this feature of the work will be of chief concern.

The king is seen and heard in all his bluff,

* "The Sailor King, William the Fourth." By FITZGERALD MOLLOY. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$6.50.

whole-souled good-nature, and in his Falstaffian humor, low in type yet amusing. His remarks often savor of the vulgar and profane, and he was utterly indifferent to court etiquette, due to his long life on the seas and subsequently as a private country gentleman. Ludicrous blunders thus resulting are set forth in this faithful recital of royalty *en dishabille*. Three months before his death, at a public dinner, he said, in the presence of the American minister, "It was always a matter of serious regret to him, that he had not been born a free, independent American, so much did he respect that nation, which had given birth to Washington, the greatest man that ever lived." There are some anecdotes about young Victoria, his successor, as when she declined, on the ground of a violent dislike to Queen Elizabeth, a strong hint from Parliament to drop her name of Alexandrine Victoria (in the family circle "Drine") and adopt the name of the illustrious maiden sovereign. And another one, a few years later, when she sent in an envelope of whitey-brown paper a letter to Queen Adelaide announcing her intended marriage and "as full of love as Juliet." Or, how, when she held her first privy council, a few days after her uncle William's death, she "scampered off very light-heartedly, like a happy girl released from school."

That amusing kleptomaniac, the Countess of Cork, comes in for some comment. The tale is told how she once stole a hedgehog, on leaving her hosts in the country, *A High-Born Kleptomaniac.* and finding that interesting creature an inconvenient footwarmer, offered to a confectioner to exchange it against a sponge cake. She once even made away with a fine carriage. Lady Ellesmere said of her that she'd "find heaven a very dull place, where there would be only wings to steal." Of Sydney Smith she once, after a moving charity sermon, borrowed a guinea. "She never repaid me," said he, "and spent it on herself." Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, is quoted in extenuation of his bitter tongue: "I have a very weak voice; if I did not say ill-natured things no one would hear me." That strangely wilful and wayward Lady Caroline Lamb and her platonic friendships with Lord Byron, Lytton Bulwer, and others, as well as her long-suffering and chivalrous husband, afterwards Lord Melbourne, come in for a goodly share of attention. The latter's affair with Mrs. Norton and the weirdly pathetic story of that lady's marital troubles are unravelled. Literary people will, of course,

enjoy best in this medley the alluring chapters of anecdotal description on the host of writers like Byron, Bulwer, Disraeli, Hazlitt, Carlyle, Moore, and others.

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

These two neat volumes * contain some five hundred letters and documents, not alone of those that passed between Bismarck and his imperial master, but between the former and other political personages of note during the forty years the great German statesman

actively exercised his trade. Intrinsically the second volume (holding 208 letters, etc., written by and to Bismarck by German, Austrian, Italian, French, and English friends or rivals, including several of special interest from Motley, the historian) is of more interest than the first, in which the Bismarck-William I. correspondence is contained. These latter documents are, at least many of them, only of service in showing the peculiar relation in which "master" and "man" stood to each other for so long, although about a score of them are of real historical value. From a certain point of view that bunch of letters in the second volume which contains the earlier letters (1848-1862) written by Bismarck to the Prussian statesmen of those days is of greatest interest. They have never seen the light before, and they show strikingly what a subordinate, almost pitiful rôle Prussia then played on the world's stage, overshadowed by Austria and her predominant influence not only in the internal councils of Germany but also in those of Russia, France, and England. After 1863, *i. e.*, after Bismarck had become the Prussian premier, this rapidly but just as steadily changed. The Gambetta-Bismarck incident of 1878 (now published first) and the Bismarck-Virchow challenge of 1865 are also of general interest.

W. v. S.

In a forest of saplings is sometimes a grown tree, in a multitude of books occasionally a mature Book. After long wading through average fiction here is a volume † to give us pause.

Six years ago Miss Mary Findlater cast on the waters an unusual and original novel, "Over the Hills." She has not hurried to send forth its successor; there is no sign of haste in the book that has now been quietly

launched on the ocean whose tide is ever at the flood and on whose patient breast "how many shallow, bauble boats dare sail."

"The Rose of Joy," a tale told in pure, forcible English, with keen observation and insight, with vivid descriptions of nature, with flights of fancy and touches of humor, is before all a study of character. A simple, childlike nature,—sincere artist and woman,—her husband, endowed with what is often called the artistic temperament,—brilliant, whimsical, unstable; the effect of these two on each other, their mutual attraction and sympathy, and yet the impassible barrier between them, such are the central figures and ideas of a canvas painted with a sure hand in lively colors.

The story is not conventional, there is no undue insistence on either the tragedy or the comedy of life. We see a realistic picture of the often cruel work of time; then comes an idealistic touch and we hear "a lark sing to the moon,"—all in the simplest, most natural course,—and have a glimpse of the child of nature with her heart like that other's, so "soon made glad," and her genius that must grow and expand even among stifling surroundings and in the chilling atmosphere of a poor, joyless mother.

Susan's meeting with the eccentric Dally, whose "beastly unfortunate fate" it is to be a brewer, his estimation of her drawing—"Oh Lord, its good—good"—their ripening friendship, their marriage, the catastrophe one felt must come, how Susan finally works out her own comprehension of the rose of joy, must be read to be known and appreciated. Nor are the minor characters less true and interesting. There is a reminder of Jane Austen in the delicacy and fidelity with which everyday life and people are depicted, in the literary flavor of the work. Plaintive, tactless Mrs. Crawford; her rich, capable sister, "the embodiment of common-sense"; the stupid, kindly brewer, her husband; the charming child Gunny; lovely, womanly Juliet; middle-aged Carrie and her Curate; stern old Mrs. Stair; the singular young man, Archie Hamilton, with his face "like an avenging angel's"; Miss Milford of the tender heart, and all the others—they are alive for us, human and real, and startlingly consistent in word and deed. And, withal, there is an added something, a deeper note, that is essentially modern and places the book in the century in which it appears.

E. A. PUNNETT.

* "Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck." Translated by J. A. FORD. F. A. Stokes Co. \$4.00.

† "The Rose of Joy," By MARY FINDLATER. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

It was a happy thought to bring out a new edition of Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography,"* which has been out of print for years. It was based upon his "Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries" (1828), which, though it soon went into a second edition, was an unfortunate venture for the author's reputation at the time, on account of its frank criticism of Byron, who was then a popular idol. Those who had formerly been most bitter in their attacks upon him now vented their wrath upon

Hunt. The book, nevertheless, *Old Wine in a New Bottle*, contained much that we should be

sorry to lose, though the author afterwards regretted that he wrote it. In the "Autobiography" he says of it: "I wrote nothing which I did not feel to be true, or think so. . . . I can say that I was agitated by grief and anger, and that I am now free from anger. I was far more alive to other people's defects than to my own, and I am now sufficiently sensible of my own to show to others the charity which I need myself. . . . I am sorry that I ever wrote a syllable respecting Lord Byron which might have been spared."

The "Autobiography" was first published in 1850. Though received with warm praise by Hunt's many friends, it met with slight favor from the critics. It sold slowly, and it was not till nine years later that a second edition was called for. Meanwhile Hunt had revised, condensed, and completed it, for the final chapter which he added was written only a short time before his death in August, 1859. The new edition was prepared for the press by his son Thornton and published in December, 1859. The merits of the work were now cordially recognized by the same literary journals that had treated it so coldly on its first appearance. The *Spectator* said: "In its amended form, the book is one of the most graceful, racy, and genial chronicles of the incidents and influences of a human life in the English language. The sweetness of temper, the indomitable love and forgiveness, the pious hilarity, and the faith in the ultimate triumph of good, revealed in its pages, show the humane and noble qualities of the writer." The *Athenaeum* called it "as perfect a book as care and love can make it," and referred to Thornton Hunt's introductory "picture of a father painted by a son" as "one of the most beautiful and tender things in literature."

These bits of criticism happily express in

* "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt." Newly edited by ROGER INGPEN. 2 vols. Dutton. \$7.50 net.

brief what it would be a pleasure, if space permitted, to amplify and illustrate by extracts from the present edition, which is a reprint of that of 1859, with many valuable notes by Mr. Ingpen, an appendix containing much other illustrative matter, a chronological list of books written or edited by Hunt (filling twenty-seven pages), and an index of fifteen pages. The photogravure illustrations include six portraits of Hunt, and one each of Keats, Lamb, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, and Hazlitt.

Hunt unquestionably wrote too much, but the quality of a goodly portion of it is so fine that we may be sure if he had not been seriously handicapped by physical debility and sickness, poverty and misfortune, the rest would have been of equal merit. Critics the most diverse in temperament and taste have done him honor, both as an author and as a man. "Christopher North" called him "most vivid of poets and most cordial of critics." Charles Lamb described him as "a man of taste and a poet," and "better than so, one of the most cordial-minded men" he ever knew. Macaulay says: "We really think there is hardly a man living whose merits have been so grudgingly allowed, and whose faults have been so cruelly expiated." Shelley refers to him as

"One of those happy souls
Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom

This world would smell like what it is—a tomb!
Who is what others seem."

Carlyle admired the "Autobiography," calling it "an excellent good book, by far the best of the autobiographic kind I remember to have read in the English language; and indeed, except in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, I do not know where we have such a picture drawn of a human life as in these volumes: a pious, ingenious, altogether human and worthy book; imaging throughout a gifted, gentle, patient, and valiant human soul, as it buffets its way through the billows of time." Hawthorne, who met Hunt in his old age, describes him as "a beautiful and venerable old man, with a countenance quietly alive all over, and the gentlest and most naturally courteous manner. When he began to speak, and as he grew more earnest in conversation, I ceased to be sensible of his age; sometimes, indeed, its dusky shadow darkened through the gleam which his sprightly thoughts diffused about his face, but then another flash of youth came out of his

eyes and made an illumination again. I never witnessed such a wonderfully illusive transformation, before or since." And such a personality pervades these volumes. The boy of the opening chapters and the septuagenarian of the closing ones are alike young in heart.

In his lively and entertaining, though somewhat slipshod style Mr. Bigelow outlines in this volume,* rather disconnectedly and by means of anecdotal and biographic sketches, the trials and vicissitudes of a political nature the German people underwent

between 1815 and 1848 in the attempt to achieve a larger measure of freedom. It will not be possible for the thoughtful reader bent

*"German Struggle for Liberty." By POULTNEY BIGELOW. Vol. III. Harper & Bros. \$2.25.

on obtaining a fairly intelligent and coherent account of this period of German history to do so by means of this book alone, for the author has omitted mention of many important men and measures that moulded events into their final shape. On the other hand, he devotes an excessive amount of space to relating the doings of Robert Blum, Ludwig Jahn, and Czar Alexander I., whose influence on their contemporaries in Germany he overrates. Nevertheless, the book is well worth reading, and there are many bright, sarcastic, witty, or aphoristic sayings in it which amuse when they do not convince. There are a number of more or less annoying errors in it, some of them historical. The illustrations are helpful to the text.

W. v. S.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

BELLE-LETTRES

Emerson—Centenary Edition of R. W. Emerson's Complete Works. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Edward Waldo Emerson. Houghton. \$1.75, each vol.

Five volumes of this edition of Emerson, the most complete hitherto published, have now appeared. They are arranged as follows: (1) "Nature Addresses and Lectures," (2 and 3) "Essays," (4) "Representative Men," and (5) "English Traits." Seven further volumes remain to be issued. The text is that of the Riverside edition. The notes are printed at the end of each volume, and are partly expository and partly biographical. Portraits of Emerson are used as frontispieces to vols. i. and v.

Kingsley—The Novels, Poems, and Memories of Charles Kingsley. Taylor & Co. \$2.00 each vol.

A library edition, to be complete in fourteen volumes, printed from new type by the University Press, Cambridge. An introduction to each story is contributed by Maurice Kingsley, son of the author. The illustrations are by Lee Woodward Zeigler. The series begins with "Yeast."

Noel—Thomas Otway. With Introduction and Notes by the Hon. Roden Noel. Imported by Scribner. \$1.00 net.

A new volume in the cheap but scholarly "Mermaid Series," containing four of the best plays of a dramatist less known in our day than he deserves to be.

BIOGRAPHY

Gregorovius—Lucretia Borgia. From the German of Ferdinand Gregorovius by John L. Garner. Appleton, \$2.25 net.

An important work, first published in 1875, which should have been translated sooner. It presents with full array of proofs, the modern

view of Lucretia, not extenuating the sins into which she was led by her bad father and brother, but showing that personally she was not so black as she has been painted, being "an amiable, gentle, thoughtless, and unfortunate woman." The book is copiously illustrated with portraits of the Borgias and their famous contemporaries, views in Rome and Ferrara, etc.

Patterson—Schumann. By Annie W. Patterson. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.

A comprehensive and painstaking study of Robert Schumann as musician, writer, and man. Miss Patterson writes, not as the critical analyst of Schumann's work, but as the partial and sympathetic biographer. In this spirit she has collected many letters, anecdotes, and fragments of history that impart a lively interest to the little book. It is a lovable picture that she has drawn of the genius whom she describes as "master-musician without model and without disciple."

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG

Baum—The Enchanted Island of Yew. By L. Frank Baum. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

The sub-title runs: "Whereon Prince Marvel Encountered the High Ki of Twi and Other Surprising People." A children's story full of just the kind of adventure that would be expected to befall a traveller on such an island. A notable feature in the production of the book is that, in addition to several charming full-page pictures by Fanny Y. Cory, the tale is illustrated by several drawings printed in red upon the text itself.

Crissey—The Country Boy. By Forrest Crissey. Revell. \$1.50.

We have run across more interesting and acute descriptions of boys, but these are not altogether bad. What would James Whitcomb

Riley say to such a chap! However, Harlow is something more than a shadow, and knows how to talk dialect and to play mischievous pranks. Mr. Crissey made him, therefore let him pass for a boy.

McDougall—The Rambillicus Book. By Walt McDougall. G. W. Jacobs & Co.

Many of the tales in this collection have appeared in the Sunday journals. They are concerned mainly with remarkable animals—the Delicatessen, the Skimolix, the Ultimatum, the Proletariat, etc., as well as the Rambillicus himself—and follow more or less the model set by Lewis Carroll. A glossary is appended.

FICTION

Benson—The Book of Months. By E. F. Benson. Harpers. \$2.50 net.

There is a story here, a love-story, but the distinctive feature of the book appears to consist rather of the author's word pictures of the months, as they make themselves felt in England. From another point of view this volume might also be regarded as a collection of meditations on the life of our time by a thinker who is as much man of the world as philosopher.

Doyle—The Adventures of Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle. McClure. \$1.50.

There is no need of an introduction for Brigadier Gerard, for those who love Conan Doyle—and he who does not is past help—have followed his brilliant career through the pages of *The Strand*. He does not perhaps exercise the same quality of magnetism that made the resurrection of Sherlock Holmes imperative, but this is only natural when he is obliged not only to relate in his own words his valorous exploits, but to convey to us, an alien and cold-blooded race, (as far as modesty will permit,) some faint idea of his personal attributes and their effect on the weaker sex in all the countries of Europe. These are rattling good stories and overflow with life and humor and high spirits. But they are written also with a mastery of the period, a control of resources, and an economy of words exceedingly rare in the square miles of inspired print that are given to the world every month. I say "inspired" advisedly, because these messages seem to be written down exactly as they occur to the brains of the writers, without such merely human processes as selection and digestion. Conan Doyle had such good stories to tell that he has found it worth while to tell them with art.

Gogol, Underwood, Cline—Evenings in Little Russia. Translated from the Russian of Gogol by Edna Worthley Underwood and William H. Cline. Lord. \$1.00.

The great work of Gogol is "Dead Souls"; next after this comes these short stories, the effervescence of Cossack blood. Orientalism creeps through them into Russian literature. One questions whether a life so remote in its kind can be real. Wizards and vampires play important parts in the life of people in Little Russia.

Ray—Sheba. By Anna C. Ray. Crowell. 60 cts.

This little story of Jewish children of the New York tenement-house district, may be intended for a juvenile, but we confess to having found it so skilfully written, so pathetic and at the same time humorous, that we read it straight through without stopping, and we are "grown up."

HISTORY

Griffis—Young People's History of Holland. By William Eliot Griffis. Houghton. \$1.50 net.

In this volume Dr. Griffis, while outlining the part played by Holland in the making of European civilization, has given most space to the picturesque part of its chronicles, laying stress upon persons and events rather than upon theories and tendencies. The record is brought up to the marriage of Queen Wilhelmina. The author announces his intention of following up this work by a larger one, for adults, dealing more fully with the social and political influence of the Dutch on the world at large.

Hough—The Way to the West. By Emerson Hough. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.20 net.

A history of the development of the West, giving special prominence to the biographical element, as exemplified in the careers of Boone, Crockett, and Carson. The four sections of the book deal respectively with (1) "The Way across the Alleghanies," (2) "The Way to the Rockies," (3) "The Way to the Pacific," and (4) "The Way across the Pacific." The narrative is prefaced by accounts of the debt of the pioneers to the American axe, rifle, boat, and horse. The author follows up his history with predictions relating especially to the future of Canada.

Johnson—Famous Assassinations of History. From Philip of Macedon, 336 B.C., to Alexander of Serbia, 1903 A.D. By Francis Johnson. McClurg. \$1.50 net.

Only those assassinations are described which have had an important result or deeply impressed the minds of the people. Mr. Johnson has collected from various sources the material to make these accounts complete. How much critical acumen he has exercised we shall not now measure. Enough to say that the book fairly fulfils its purpose in narrating these thirty-one assassinations.

Latimer—Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena with General Baron Gourgard, together with the Journal kept by Gourgard on their Journey from Waterloo to St. Helena. Translated and with Notes by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. McClurg. \$. . .

Napoleon might have emerged from the aspersions of his enemies with some éclat had he been able to escape his friends. There were none more devoted to him than the man who accompanied the prisoner to St. Helena in 1815, who left the island in 1818 with feigned reason to act as his secret agent in Europe, who rendered in 1840 the last possible service

to the fallen leader by escorting back his bones to rest on French soil. All this and more Baron Gourgard did. Yet in permitting this record of three years on St. Helena to live after him he has allowed posterity to see his master in pitiful wise and swept away the last vestige of mystery that decently draped his memory. Mrs. Latimer gives about 275 pages of translation of the 1200 pages of the prolix French original of the "Journal," published in 1898. The matter does not come to us with complete novelty because Lord Rosebery made effective use of Gourgard's papers in his "Napoleon—The Last Phase." But Lord Rosebery leaves a somewhat bigger Napoleon than does Mrs. Latimer. Theatrical, when he expects England to be impressed with his apt and erudite comparison between himself and Themistocles, vain when he regrets that he had not founded an eastern empire like Alexander, made a pilgrimage to Mecca, became a loyal follower of Mohammed, and, selfish in all situations, his limitations all come out very plainly in this intimate view. The marvel of his spell of brief authority seems infinitely greater when contrasted with his character as shown in his backward glance over his own career from his solitary rock. In one of his talks he declares that it was only circumstances that made him, and that some other individual would have come to the fore had he not done so, a slightly different version of the man-of-destiny theory. Elizabeth Wormley Latimer, the editor of this volume, was herself present at Napoleon's funeral in 1840 and remembers the stories of eye-witnesses of the earlier scenes of his career. Thus her notes and explanations have a personal touch with the times.

Lord—The Regency of Marie de Médicis. By Arthur Power Lord, Ph.D. Holt.

For a bit of serious work in the domain of history we commend this monograph. The author dived into dark places of the past and brings up explanation of the course of the regency of Marie de Médicis. So far as we know this is mostly fresh information and Dr. Lord uses it with a judicial temper and philosophic mind.

Oman—History of the Peninsular War. By Charles Oman. Vol. II. Jan.-Sept., 1809. Clarendon Press. 14s. net.

This volume covers the period from the battle of Corunna to the end of the Talavera campaign. It is based largely upon original investigation of documents at Madrid and elsewhere, and a personal inspection of the field has also yielded important results in the correction of Napier's narrative. There are several maps and illustrations and twelve statistical appendices.

Pierce—New Harlem, Past and Present. The Story of an Amazing Civic Wrong Now at Last to be Righted. By Carl Horton Pierce. New Harlem Pub. Co. \$2.50.

There is much interesting matter in this volume of 332 pages which at first sight looks like a detailed and scholarly study of the northern part of Manhattan Island. But it is matter

with a method in it. The thesis of the argument is that the town of New Harlem, incorporated 1666, thirteen years later than New Amsterdam, has never gone out of existence, but has been repeatedly confirmed in her entity, and that, moreover, the descendants of the twenty-three patentees mentioned in Dongan Patent of 1686 are the present members of the corporation of New Harlem. Further, it is claimed that those same members have the right to call a town meeting and claim certain lands which were never the property of New York! The extent of New Harlem is stated to be north of a line drawn from 74th Street and the East River to 129th Street and the Hudson. It is thus plain that a considerable amount of property is at stake! Well, the heirs of Annetje Jans still have meetings from time to time and the heirs of New Harlem may follow suit. In the efforts to rouse the "sleeping town" Mr. Pierce and his two legal colleagues have brought together much new genealogical material.

Schouler—Eighty Years of Union. By James Schouler. Dodd. \$1.75.

This book is simply an abridgment, well made by the author himself, of the six volumes of his "History of the United States"—that is to say, it covers the time from the beginning of the Union to the end of the Civil War.

Spears-Clark—A History of the Mississippi Valley. By John R. Spears and A. H. Clark. A. S. Clark. \$5.00 net.

A very full and thorough history of the region during the period of foreign control; a thrilling story of discovery and colonization, full of adventures of pioneers, frontiersmen, and Indian fighters; a fascinating chapter, or series of chapters, in American history. It is profusely illustrated withal.

MISCELLANEOUS

Curtis—Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. By William Eleroy Curtis. Saalfeld Pub. Co. \$3.00.

A richly illustrated royal octavo volume of more than five hundred pages, largely topographical, but giving due attention to the government and politics, the famous men and women, and other notable features of each country. A chapter, for instance, is devoted to the Gothenburg temperance system.

Gilman-Peck-Colby—The New International Encyclopædia. Edited by D. C. Gilman, H. T. Peck, and F. M. Colby. Vols. XII., XIII., and XIV. Dodd.

The ground covered by these volumes is Maximilian I.—New Jerusalem Church, New Kensington—Phigalian Marbles, and Philadelphia—Rice-bird, respectively.

Josselyn—My Favorite Book-Shelf. By Charles Josselyn. Paul Elder & Co. \$2.00 net.

A miscellaneous collection of favorite extracts from prose writers, mostly English and French, of not earlier date than the sixteenth century. America is represented by P. L. Ford, R. Grant, F. W. Halsey, O. W. Holmes, D. S.

Jordan, W. Mathews, W. C. Prime, Addison P. Russell, and Charles W. Stearns. The book is prepared for readers who are too busy to study deeply "the great works of the illustrious dead, or of those living writers whose fame seems sure." It is printed on heavy linen paper, rubricated.

Patten—The Year's Festivals. By Helen Philbrook Patten. Dana Estes & Co. \$1.00 net.

An illustrated gift-book, collecting literary and other allusions to the principal religious and secular feasts—Easter, Christmas, Valentine's Day, May Day, etc.—with particulars of the manner of their celebration in different countries and periods. The distinctively American holiday of Thanksgiving finds a place, and is illustrated by a record of similar observances from the Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles downward.

Shuman—Practical Journalism. By Edwin L. Shuman. Appleton's. \$1.25.

This book exhibits the cardinal virtue of the newspaper writer in its avoidance of theory and opinion and its adherence to facts and figures. It is a manual, not a disquisition, containing an accurate, uncolored version of what happens daily in a great newspaper office. What it means to be an editor or a reporter, how news is gathered, how news is written, what the newspaper writer must not do, some facts about the law of libel and the law of copyright are among the points that Mr. Shuman dispassionately covers. The reader who knows newspaper life only through the disguising medium of fiction will be able to readjust his notions through this concise and informing volume.

Smith—Budapest: The Cith of the Magyars. By F. Berkeley Smith. Pott & Co. \$1.50.

Impressions of the Budapest of the present day, written by an American whose interest in that city was first awakened by the Hungarians he met in a café on Houston Street. One chapter is occupied with the Hungarian Parliament, but on the whole it is the lighter side of the city's life that receives most attention in these brisk and sympathetic sketches. The author's descriptions are not confined to Budapest, for he includes an account of a visit to the gypsies of Vác.

Warner—The Young Woman in Modern Life. By Beverley Warner, D.D. Dodd. 85 cts.

Dr. Warner is an admirable moralist for girls. His ideas may challenge contradiction yet they are sound even if a bit prosy, but then Dr. Warner does not entirely coincide with Saint Paul, and his point of view is distant from that of my lady, Margaret Duchess of Newcastle.

Webster—Collegiate Dictionary. Thin paper, Special Edition. G. & C. Merriam Co. Limp leather, \$5.00.

Here indeed is infinite riches in a little room. We have never seen thin paper that has less of

the bad effect of thin paper than that on which this new edition of Webster's is printed. It makes a book of less than half the size of the original edition of the "Collegiate Dictionary," and yet the type stands out just as boldly as it does when printed on the heavier paper. For a desk or "handy" dictionary it would be hard to find anything more compact and more to the point than this new collegiate.

Williams—The Romance of Modern Engineering. By Archibald Williams. Lippincott.

An illustrated record of the most recent triumphs of the engineer. The opening chapters describe "The Harnessing of Niagara" and "The Taming of the Nile," and the rest of the book is mainly occupied with notable exploits in the construction of bridges, railways, tunnels, canals, harbors, docks, and ocean liners. The descriptions of processes are not so technical as to be beyond the understanding of the average reader.

POETRY AND VERSE

Carman—Pipes of Pan. By Bliss Carman. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.00 net.

We have elsewhere and at other times undertaken some chastisement of Mr. Carman's muse for her frequent indulgence in metaphor of a more or less Hudibrastic cast, as when the sea was called "shambling" and was further likened to "a sexton old," and was then greeted with apostrophic exhortation to "Shoulder them, shoulder them, shoulder them in!"

We are glad to note in these selections from the "Green Book of the Bards," that Mr. Carman has mainly abandoned this strain of verbal grotesquery and far-fetched, uncouth metaphor, although he does send his raven harbinger with the following semi-punning adjuration,

"Northward crow,
Croak and fly,
Though the sky
Thunder No!"

He indeed is able to convince us in the present volume that his is the

"Creed and canon
Of Whitman and Thoreau
And all the free believers
Who worshipped long ago."

Mr. Carman has always been a keen and sympathetic observer in the realm of Nature; and it seems to us that in this, his latest volume, he has made marvellous advances in his ability to express the results of his observation and the union of the poet's moods with great Nature. The subjective eye and ear devote to her worship and the reward that is theirs, make the subject of a fine poem (albeit with borrowed title), "Pictor Ignotus":

"He is a silent second self
Who travels with me in the road;
I share his lean-to in the hills,
He shares my modest town abode.

"The wonder of an ancient awe
Takes hold upon him when he sees
In the cold autumn dusk arise
Orion and the Pleiades;

"Or when along the southern rim
Of the mysterious summer night
He marks above the sleeping world
Antares with his scarlet light!"

We cannot too much praise the animated and specialized beauties of that poetic evangel, "The Word in the Beginning"; while, for other and as good reasons, we commend to the reader the mystic poem, "The Madness of Ishtar."

L. D. L.—Bold Turpin: a "Romance," as Sung by Sam Weller. Pictures by L. D. L. Longmans, Green & Co.

The Turpin rhyme so abundantly illustrated, mainly in color, that there is an average of more than one picture to a line.

Mencken—Ventures into Verse. By Henry Louis Mencken. Marshall, Beck & Gordon. 60 cts.

The presumably youthful author of these "Ventures," having taken Rudyard Kipling as the god, or rather fetic, of his worship, evidently feels privileged, now to adore, and now to scourge the elect idol, whom he apostrophizes as, "Prophet of brawn and bravery," and yet presently addresses as "Master Rudyard Kipling, poetaster," in a "Ballade of Protest." Nevertheless, there is some promise in the best of Mr. Mencken's work, of which "The Ballad of Ships in Harbor" may be cited as possessing spirit and rhythm.

Mors et Victoria. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.20 net.

It is no new ground which the unrevealed author of this brief, slight, but well-knit dramatic essay lays open. The work has the merit of cohesion throughout its parts; of entire congruity between the various characters and their words and acts; and, here and there, real passion of life kindles along the orderly lines of the author's well-studied blank verse. The action is laid in France—France of the time of Marguerite du Valois; and the initial scene, which is given to the warm discussion, between a "First Gentleman" and a "Second Gentleman," of the corruption, political and social, brought in by the Florentine invasion, prepares the reader for the imbroglia that follows: another and a sweeter Marguerite (daughter of Gaspard de Bonne-Grace), most beloved of all the maids of honor to the Queen of Navarre, begs royal permission to retire to her father's castle in Touraine, that she may escape pursuit by the powerful, wily, and sensual Duke of Guise. Permission is given, and Marguerite hastens home in light-hearted, innocent, girlish joy, confiding that here she will be safe from the corruptions of the Court. She has also another motive in seeking this retirement; for here dwells her Huguenot lover, Vallon of

Vallonbois, whom she meets at peril of her father's displeasure, and traversing her own religious faith, as well. The love-scenes are full of tender, almost lyrical feeling and expression, wherein blend the gentle playfulness of the love-surprised maiden and the wonder-worship of her manly lover.

But their lovers' day soon darkens down. Henry of Lorraine, Duke of Guise, has not given over his zest for conquest. He becomes the guest of Marguerite's father, both of whom are sworn to execute vengeance upon the Huguenots. It is, therefore, that Marguerite sends for her lover to warn him that if the Huguenots gather for their usual Sabbath worship, and any hymn of theirs disturb the air,

"Then, by the Rood, they will repent the act;
The throats that utter shall be stilled in death."

Marguerite's warning only confirms Vallon in his determination to vindicate the rights of his religion (protected already by Treaty). The Huguenots assemble according to their wont. Marguerite, in despair, having disguised herself, joins their company, and, with her lover, is put to death in the *mêlée* that ensues between the soldiers of Guise and the handful of heroic Huguenots. And so,—the two dying in each other's arms, among the dying and the dead,—is fulfilled the scriptural word with which the author, upon his title-page, has elaborated still further the purpose of his work—*Absorpta est Mors ad Victoriam*.

Mumford—The Limerick Up-to-Date Book. Composed and collected by Ethel Watts Mumford. Elder. \$1.00 net.

One limerick for every week in the year, with a page left blank opposite each for memoranda. The limerick pages have rubricated decorations, and there are several interpretative drawings.

Omar—The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyâm. Putnam. \$0.30.

A "Thumb-nail Edition," small enough to go into a watch-pocket and leave room for the watch, yet printed in a type that does not strain the eyesight in the least. One stanza is allotted to each page.

Powell—Young Ivy on Old Walls. By H. Arthur Powell. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

The workmanship and inspiration in this volume of verse are so unequal, that the impatient reader of the opening pages only may well be discouraged from a further effort at acquaintance. There is, assuredly, nothing to invite interest in the stale invocation:

"O radiant, bewitching, smiling Summer!
Come from thy southern gardens to our zone."

But if the faltering reader will duly "skip," he may come upon unexpected excellencies. Such are the poems entitled, "Interpretation

in Art," "The Play," "Lost Paradise," "The One Appeal,"—all which exhibit a certain faculty of philosophic survey, with the power of trenchant expression thereof. While by no means a technically perfect poem, "Regeneration" has gathered up not a little of the Sadder spirit of the modern inquiry, *Cui bono?*

Robinson—The Songs of the Trees. By Mary Y. Robinson. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

The writer has chosen one tree as representing each month in the year, from the Holly Tree in January to the Christmas Tree in December. She has then written the "biography" of each tree, and has added in each case an appropriate verse, which has been set to music by Josephine Robinson. The book is completed by full-page pictures and decorations in color.

Rossetti—Poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Edited by Elisabeth Luther Cary. Putnam. \$6.50 net.

A fine edition in two volumes with thirty-two photogravure illustrations from Rossetti's own designs.

Wynne—David and Bathshua. By Charles Whitworth Wynne. Knickerbocker Press. \$1.00.

There is something amorphous, conglomerate, incongruous about this attempt to resuscitate, into semblance of dramatic reality, the distasteful old story of David and his princely diversions and divagations. We feel, as we read, that the author, too, feels this embarrassment; and the result of the embarrassment, or constraint, is that the central figure of the drama wavers between mawkish inanity and odious realism. Having seen amid the throng the face of Bathsheba (why Bathshua?) he confides, as follows, in the crafty Ahitophel:

David. The face I saw in the procession
Haunts me ever!

Ahit. If the King could but describe
The face?

David. Ah, that were difficult, my friend:
Poet as I am, I could not hope to fashion
Out of mere words her perfect semblance,
etc., etc."

Poet as he is, however, David has nothing more novel, in fond, amorous fancy, to say to his Bathshua, than to ask,

"And are we not the complement of each other?"

Repentance comes swift—and pat; and David finds himself in a state of unrelieved mental disgust,—crossed, rather queerly, by memories of his Shakespeare and Prospero, as we shall see:

"So soon upon my pleasure! comes it so soon!

"The dream of bliss, and then the rude
awakening;

For all the joys we aim at are but shadows—
Our life an unsubstantial, airy pageant,
etc., etc."

And yet, it is but fair to say that the author, when not grappling with too serious a dramatic problem,—and in his earlier scenes,—has passages of some pith and excellence, in a didactic way. Such is the following crisp retort on the lips of Michel, when urged to behave with more diplomacy:

"Such tact must stand for cowardice; most tact I think does. Who fears to speak the truth, Is generally accredited with tact, Or takes it to himself as blessed balm, To heal the stings of slow-awakening pride."

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

Faulkner—The Methodists. By John A. Faulkner, D.D. Baker-Taylor. \$1.00.

This little history of Methodism is an essay in the direction of a short narrative, and successful so far as brevity and comprehensiveness are concerned. But is not a story, though it be one of a series of "Stories of the Churches." The style is too arid to woo readers. It might serve as a small, convenient hand-book.

Gladden—Witnesses of the Light. By Washington Gladden. \$1.25.

There is no fresh material in these six Noble Lectures upon Dante, Michael Angelo, Pictet, Victor Hugo, Richard Wagner, and Ruskin. It is only Dr. Gladden's point of view that is peculiar. That point is that each of these was somehow a witness to Jesus Christ.

(For list of books Received see third page following.)

